

THE NATION

1865 Centennial Year 1965

FEBRUARY 22, 1965 . . 35c

A RAILROAD BREAKS DOWN

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

Who Will Save the New Haven?



Senator Claiborne Pell

WHEN ABORTION IS JUSTIFIED

Dr. Lee R. Dice

Albany Hippodrome
WAGNER, ROCKY &
THE KENNEDY ACT

James Desmond

Encounters in Virginia
THE FREEDOM TEACHER &
THE GENTLE LADIES

Eva Newmark

LETTERS

Churchill

University City, Mo.

Dear Sirs: I wonder if you didn't overlook several of Churchill's accomplishments in your recent editorial [Feb. 1]. Churchill's renovating the British Navy, his understanding of German intentions, and his predictions of a German onslaught seem to me important contributions. Some think World War II might have been less devastating or entirely avoided if Churchill, not Chamberlain, had negotiated with Hitler. . . . Secondly, strong positive (Marshall Plan) and preventative (military bolstering of our side of the iron curtain) Western policies probably kept Russia from seizing even more lands and peoples than she did after the war, and these policies were encouraged by Churchill.

Arthur M. Solomon

New York City

Dear Sirs: I'm just coming up for air after having been inundated by radio, TV, newspapers, news magazines, commentators, special issues of newspapers, newsreels, etc., on the "greatness" of Churchill. Therefore, it was particularly unburdening to read your short, realistic editorial on Churchill.

I have a feeling that Churchill will be reappraised in the future without downgrading his qualities as a wartime leader.

G. A. Caparelli

Huckster's plan

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: I am grateful to David Cort, who reviewed my book, *The Strategy of Persuasion* [The Nation, Feb. 1]. Despite his many misgivings, he is willing to give the advertising fraternity a chance to try its hand at improving this country's "image" overseas. I pray that this fair-minded attitude prevails in Washington.

However, his suggestion—" . . . that we allow the advertising business to run a pilot operation, a trial run, in one country"—goes even a step further than we brash hucksters would dare. No client worth his excess profits would give his advertising agency carte blanche to run a campaign—even a test campaign—without first approving a detailed plan of action. All I'd ask is permission (and funds) to gather sufficient data on a specific nation to formulate the plan.

Once this plan, presented to government as a formal proposal for a campaign, was made known, I think it would clear up much misunderstanding about what talents and skills the industry could bring to bear. . . .

I am sorry, though, that Mr. Cort "disqualifies" me from having a hand

in government policy because of my interpretation of Khrushchev's motives during the Cuban missile crisis. It's a debatable interpretation, of course, but I'd be interested in knowing how Mr. Cort arrived at his conclusions.

Arthur E. Meyerhoff

Still apathetic

Syracuse, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Reading Bill Ward's "Why the Students Revolt" [The Nation, Jan. 25], I could not help but be reminded of the odd television panel show which collected four adults to explain what teen-agers are really like. . . .

Mr. Ward proclaims that this is the "age of 'action' campuses," that students "refuse to settle for materialistic security," that students are concerned about issues and tired of mistakes made by the adult world, and that students are, in short, alienated. . . .

What nonsense! I, unlike Mr. Ward, will not presume to speak for other university student bodies, but these descriptions have about as much relation to the Syracuse student body as *The Nation* does to *The National Review*. To be more specific:

(1) Civil rights organizations both on and off campus have attracted little student support.

(2) Numerous social volunteer programs have attracted little support.

(3) Students watched quietly as their chancellor caned a peaceful pacifist demonstrator last spring. In fact, over 2,000 students signed a petition supporting the chancellor's violent act.

(4) Students said little when the university administration banned from sale on the campus, the campus satire magazine.

(5) When the student senate recently passed a resolution calling for students to picket the administration building in behalf of greater recognition of student rights, at a peak hour one could find just thirteen students with signs in hand marching about a tiny tree across from the administration building.

There are, I think, at least three conclusions to be drawn: One is that "apathetic" student bodies may be an old description but it is not yet a worn one. Two is that the Syracuse University student body demonstration in behalf of a longer Christmas vacation was of the most material kind, and, with natural exceptions, was devoid of larger meaning. And third, and perhaps rhetorically, if Mr. Ward's primary student generalizations do not apply to the university he chose as a case study, then how can it be said that they apply to other university student bodies?

Ken Auletta

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The Message

In his television briefing of February 7, Secretary McNamara, pointer in hand, showed where U.S. carrier aircraft had struck North Vietnam in reprisal for the shooting up of the American compounds at Pleiku by Vietcong guerrillas. He was particularly incensed by the fact that the Vietcong had staged a "sneak" night attack. (Apparently he expected them to send an engraved notice of their intentions, and then fight standing up in a square, like the British soldiers at Lexington.) When asked whether the large number of American casualties did not indicate deficient defense measures by the Vietnamese government troops who were supposed to be guarding the base, he replied that he did not believe it would ever be possible to protect our forces against sneak attacks. From this viewpoint, since we are unable to fight the Vietcong successfully in their own country, we must bomb the North Vietnamese to show our will to fight. President Johnson expressed similar sentiments when, with jaw outthrust, he quoted the Texas adage, "When the going gets tough, the tough get going."

It is interesting to reread speculations concerning Vietnam in the newspapers of the week preceding the clobbering at Pleiku. The commentaries were full of prognostications of negotiations to be initiated by the Kosygin mission to Hanoi. This possibility was discussed editorially in *The Nation* of February 15 ("The Crossroads"), and indeed it would have been a sensible approach for all the nations concerned. For precisely this reason it caused consternation among the Vietnamese military (whose soldiers did such a splendid job of protecting their American comrades at Pleiku) and in the Pentagon. It looked as if peace might incontinently break out. The calamity was averted, at least temporarily, by the air strikes against North Vietnam. These operations are represented as peaceful in intent—peaceful, that is, as the Pentagon uses the term, and in line with the strategic thinking of McNamara, the Bundy brothers, Ambassador Taylor and other men of strong will. The bombings are to be understood as a message to Hanoi, Moscow and Peking that they had better prepare to lose the war by negotiation. Hanoi is the particular target of these signals. If it fails to get the message, *The Wall Street Journal* writes that one school of thought in the Pentagon "proposes a continuation of bombing missions, progressively moving from military targets to industrial targets until North Vietnam yelled 'uncle' and sought a negotiated settlement."

This seems an odd way of persuading the enemy to sit down at the conference table. It assumes, in the first place, that all the operations of the National Liberation Front are ordered from Hanoi, even down to an attack by a few platoons (with captured American weapons) like the one at Pleiku. It assumes that

while our will to fight is strengthened by casualties, that of the Vietcong and North Vietnamese is weakened. It assumes further that the Russians and the Chinese will continue to limit their counteraction to protests against "serious provocations." This strategy is so full of loopholes that only a miracle could make it work. Much more likely, as we extend the war while protesting that we do not wish to extend it, the other side will also increase its efforts.

Whatever message the enemy reads or misreads in these signals of ours, written in the code of strafings and bombings, the American public must by now be completely confused. Never has a small coterie conducted a war with more concealment and dishonesty to its people than has been practiced, first under John F. Kennedy, now under Lyndon B. Johnson. If the American public can glean any message from what is said and done in Washington and Saigon, it is that democracy is defended abroad by destroying it at home—destroying it by systematic distortion and inversion of the truth. If that succeeds, it will be the strangest anomaly of all.

Meanwhile Back at the UN

While Vietnam is wrapped up in layer upon layer of double talk and misrepresentation—which the media relay to the public as if they were the quintessence of candor—the crisis at the UN is simply ignored. No telecasts are interrupted with bulletins saying that the UN is paralyzed, that the nineteenth session is so far wasted with no end to the deadlock in sight, that U Thant has threatened to resign, and that the session may adjourn to fall, despite an enormous agenda and the crucial issues that may explode in the meantime.

De Gaulle has confidence in nothing but pre-World War II nationalism, but at least he called attention to the disintegration of the UN and called for remedial measures, including a voice for Communist China. His warning was received with scorn in Washington. President Johnson declared that there was nothing wrong with the UN charter; the only trouble was that some nations violated it in letter or in spirit. Not the United States, of course—as always, we are the pure in heart. Though in point of fact we have made no attempt to mediate the war in Vietnam through the UN; all our efforts have been directed toward forcing the Soviets to pay an amount which we spend in a few days in Vietnam.

The contrast between the TV reporting of the war and of the UN's sickness is striking. Our defeats and victories are inserted between advertisements for nasal sprays and trips to the Caribbean, but the UN is no longer even mentioned.

Even the gallant activists who paraded in long picket lines before the UN headquarters ignored the organization, except for their choice of locale. Their

placards appealed for an end to the war in Vietnam. That was good, but a few signs might have asked for a restoration of the UN's power and status, so that it might exert some influence toward ending that war and averting others.

There have been a few exceptions to the general apathy of the press as the UN languishes. Donald Grant, the UN correspondent for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, filed a long article on February 3 that quoted a "high" State Department official as saying that U.S. policy in the UN had reached a "grotesque position." This was news, the more so as the official was described as being himself one of the authors of the policy. Grant then quoted from the foreign-policy article by John Kenneth Galbraith in the February *Atlantic*, which derides the UN bureau of the State Department for "the humorlessness with which it accepts the litany and the priestly diligence and solemnity with which it grinds out telegrams, statements and speeches for its highly indifferent audiences."

The litany, Galbraith pointed out, started us off on a possibly disastrous course when we insisted that the Soviets must be thrown out of the UN unless they paid for peace-keeping forces in the Congo and elsewhere—operations that served our interest but were diametrically opposed to theirs. We assumed that the Soviets would pay up if we took a firm stand. When the firm stand proved futile, we softened it somewhat, but the damage had been done. Galbraith argues that it could have been averted "had we made it clear from the outset that while we would press the Russians and the French for payment, we set an even higher value on the UN." That was the reality, as opposed to the litany.

Appalachia As Symbol

Appalachia is really more a concept than a region, which explains why every troubled area of the country has been trying to jump aboard the Appalachian gravy train before it whizzes through Congress.

The behavior of Senators from the Upper Great Lakes, the Ozark Mountains, New England, the Upper Great Plains and even New York should not be attributed primarily to an intoxicating whiff of the old Congressional pork barrel. Their regions also need help, and they know it. But they would do well to re-examine the \$1.1 billion Appalachian Regional Development Program, which Congress is expected to approve shortly, before committing their regions to a comparable approach.

The theory behind the program is that the construction of 3,350 miles of highways will permit tourists, industrialists and other affluent Americans to trickle into Appalachia and help it to become a woodsy suburb of the Great Society. But this ignores the basic lesson to be learned from Appalachia, which dramatizes the increasingly tenuous link between incomes and jobs in America. Appalachia would not have become a symbol of national neglect if coal mining and agriculture had not been transformed by the new technology.

As long as society requires men to work in order to

live decently, jobs will remain the greatest need of Appalachia and other troubled regions. But the Appalachian Development Program won't create jobs. It only promises them—and the prospect is dubious, because automation makes it highly unlikely that private industry will absorb the expanding work force, even with easy access to every Appalachian hamlet.

On the other hand, there is a great deal of work to be done to achieve the Great Society. In Appalachia, for example, much of the housing is dilapidated or deteriorating. The rural population is scattered in isolated hollows, making it almost impossible to finance adequate public services. New towns could be created that would provide better schools and health facilities, with their residents commuting to work along the new highways. Reforestation, stream clean-up, extensive reclamation of strip-mined land could also provide thousands of jobs for Appalachia's unemployed, and give them the income that would enable their children to stay in school.

The Appalachian Development Program is basically conservative, designed to get through Congress by avoiding any real challenges to the conventional economic wisdom. It should be considered only a modest down payment—a feeble step toward the kind of comprehensive regional development programs that the nation needs.

A Word to Detroit

If the automobile industry wishes to project a public image of itself as a callous, self-centered bunch of money-grubbers, it is going about it in the right way. The General Services Administration, which serves as purchasing agent for a number of government departments, recently listed seventeen safety features that it "would like" to see included in the 1967 models it will be buying in 1966. GSA buys about 9,500 cars a year. The total number of cars bought annually by the government ranges up to 60,000—still only 1 per cent of total sales. The industry outcry that followed was therefore not ascribable to the suggestions of one customer.

The real cause, known to the industry and its critics alike, is management's fear that it might be forced by state or federal legislation to give safety priority over styling and high performance, and that such legislation might stimulate public interest in safety. In that case, the seduction of automobile advertising—on which the four leading concerns spend over \$280 million a year—might be somewhat reduced.

The arguments voiced by high officials of the motor companies are that cars are already as safe as it is practicable to make them, and that anyway the people who buy and drive them are mainly responsible for accidents. "We in the industry are disturbed at being made the goat," one executive complained. "The number of accidents caused by failure of the product is pretty damned small."

Driver error, like pilot error in aircraft, is certainly a factor, and so are drunkenness and inattention. But the industry's plea is an evasion. With some 80 million

cars, buses and trucks on the roads, there are going to be thousands on thousands of collisions every year—even if the law-enforcement effort is doubled and the state and federal governments invest another \$41 billion (the cost of the Interstate Highway System) to improve the roads and incidentally subsidize the auto companies. We are interested, thus, not only in the causes of accidents, but also in their consequences. All anyone asks is that, at a cost that is negligible compared with the investment in cars and the money cost of casualties, car design should be oriented toward reducing the fatalities in the marginal accidents—those intermediate between the inevitably lethal and the relatively harmless. But the record shows that even such a small protective measure as safety belts is now available only because legislation forced it on the industry. To mollify any potential clamor, Chrysler, Ford and American Motors announced last week that they would shortly install belts in rear seats also. Safety experts do not consider this a high-priority measure, but to the companies it has the double advantage that it involves no design change and that the cost of the extra equipment (\$15 to \$25) can be passed directly to the buyer.

The most outrageous feature of the industry's stand is the argument that the public is apathetic to safety, and consequently that safety is not a good merchandising gimmick; that, furthermore, it is bad for sales to remind people that they may have accidents. The public is apathetic mainly for two reasons. One is that many people proceed on the supposition that unpleasant things happen only to the other fellow. (This illusion is not limited to motoring, and therefore in all fields of peril serious efforts are made to protect fools from their folly and, what is more important, to protect others from the fools.) The other factor is the auto industry's advertising, which incites the child-minded to take to the roads in their juggernauts with light hearts, empty heads and roving eyes. The auto magnates are accessories before the fact.

HUAC's Feint

That the hand is quicker than the eye is a fact of showmanship understood by magicians, pickpockets, boxers and generals, but especially by politicians, whose hats are rarely devoid of rabbits and who are now getting ready, on behalf of the House Un-American Activities Committee, to perform a feint that would make Cassius Clay blush in verse.

The sleight of hand in question is a proposed investigation of the American Nazi Party and the Minutemen organization. Rep. Edwin E. Willis (D., La.), chairman of the committee, has said that HUAC will discuss such a probe shortly, partly at the request of Rep. Ronald Brooks Cameron, a California Democrat, who said in a letter to Willis that he would like to see public opinion mobilized against such groups.

Perhaps it is only coincidental that the controversial HUAC will be fighting for its existence in this session of Congress, which, with a solid Democratic majority

and a strong bent toward the Kennedy brand of liberalism, may decide to strangle Mr. Willis' committee with a purse-string garrote. It is just possible that the committee sees a true threat in the estimated 100 members of the Nazi Party and in the crackpot machinations of the Minutemen.

But a likelier explanation is that the committee has missed the point of the criticism directed against it for the past decade: that the political hue of the subject of the investigation is unimportant; that the truly un-American act is one which tends to restrict the freedoms of thought, discussion and association. A token investigation of the ultra-Right lunatic fringe—so the committee appears to reason—might satisfy the leftist detractors, show impartiality and justice for all and renew the influx of life-giving funds.

And perhaps, by banning and outlawing at both ends of the so-called political spectrum, Americanism can be narrowed to Representative Willis' concept of what it ought to be.

DuPonts Get Off Easy

Who will pick up the tab for the Great Society? Not those, it appears, who can best afford to pay. The Internal Revenue Service has ruled that Christiana, a stockholding offshoot of the duPont company, can divest itself of its remaining shares of General Motors stock in such a way as to avoid putting millions of tax dollars into the U.S. Treasury.

Ever since the courts, in 1962, ordered duPont to sell its 23 per cent ownership of GM—which the judges considered an unfair \$3.5-billion inside track to the GM paint-and-fabric market—Washington has been scurrying about trying to devise new ways to ease the tax obligations that would arise from this stock transfer [see "The Power Game: George Smathers" by Robert G. Sherrill, *The Nation*, December 7, 1964]. First, Congress passed a tax law just for the benefit of the 404 persons who sit highest in duPont, but mostly for the duPont family itself. Then Treasury Secretary Dillon recently ruled that Christiana could juggle its last GM stock among foundations, pension funds and other nontax duPont shareholders.

This was too much for Sen. Albert Gore, who demanded an open Finance Committee investigation of the favoritism. If such a hearing is ever held, it will be the first miracle of the Great Society. Is Gore, after all, likely to get support from Chairman Harry Byrd, whose hallucinatory Byrd-for-President campaigns were financed so heavily with duPont dollars? Will Gore get support from the ranking minority member of the committee, John Williams of (perish the thought) *Delaware*? More than half the duPont domestic factories are now in the South, and four of the top seven ranking Democrats on that committee are conservative Southerners.

Sen. Russell Long, whose liberalism is very selective, has said that there should be no public hearing unless the Finance Committee "turns up something questionable." That was turned up long ago.

To illustrate from a different problem: One branch of the duPont family owns the Florida East Coast Railroad. For more than two years, that company has locked out approximately 1,200 union workers because it did not want to give them the 10c-an-hour raise that every other rail line in the country had agreed to pay [see "Florida's Railroad War" by Robert G. Sherrill, *The Nation*, March 9, 1964]. This is the longest labor dispute in railroad history. For two years, 1,200 families have been hard pressed and very likely, in some instances, hungry. The federal government has done nothing to end the dispute. It has, however, done a great deal to help the duPonts' railroad. Last year the FEC made more than \$2 million profit—largely attributable to the business it did with Cape Kennedy.

President Johnson has the power to end the labor nightmare for those families, just as he has the power, through his treasurer, to make duPont pay its fair taxes. He has shown no inclination to do either during his first 400 days.

It all reminds us of another Texan, that corporation-loving windbag Pappy O'Daniel, who ran for the Senate by touring the state with a hillbilly band and a promise to give the old folks \$30 every Monday. That was *his* promised Great Society. At one stop an old man approached and said he was very interested in what he proposed to do and wondered where Pappy intended to get the money. Pappy wheeled around to the fiddlers and said, "Boys, play 'em another tune."

Why Not Modernize It?

In the September 24, 1964, *Nation* Ralph Lee Smith wrote about "America's Poorest Buy"—postal savings. As far as the affluent and knowledgeable middle class is concerned, the postal savings system is as extinct as the dinosaur, although many of the older members remember when they deposited all the law would allow in a postal savings account. That was in the 1930s, when commercial banks were failing right and left—with no federal insurance for the depositors. But that was long ago.

Apparently Mr. Smith's article served to remind official Washington that it might be time to take an updated look at postal savings. In a recent report, Postmaster General John A. Gronuski has recommended that the postal savings program be eliminated. At 2 per cent interest, he says, "we're doing the people a disservice when they can go across the street and earn more." There are still a little over a million depositors, with total desposits of \$416 million. Whether eliminating postal savings is the best or the only way to help these small depositors, many of whom are concentrated in rural areas of the South, may be debatable; but it is quite clear that they have not been receiving an adequate interest rate on their meager savings for more than a decade. That, after all, was Mr. Smith's main point, and it is good to hear it echoed by the Postmaster himself.

ALBANY HIPPODROME

Wagner, Rocky and the Kennedy Act

James Desmond

Albany, N.Y.
Only those who sat through it can quite appreciate the atmosphere of hippodrome and bathos that attended the New York legislature's five dreary weeks of aimless drifting, before the minority Republican Party joined with minority Democrats to hand the majority Democrats their official leaders for 1965. The result of the curious coalition was to give Mayor Wagner of New York City a substantial, if slightly tainted, victory over the forces opposing him — forces that were grouped around U.S. Sen. Robert F. Kennedy, despite Mr. Kennedy's fulsome, and at times too plaintive, denials that he was in any way involved.

James Desmond, a political writer for the New York Daily News, is the author of Nelson Rockefeller: A Political Biography (Macmillan).

No less a winner than Wagner in the unprecedented gambit was Gov. Nelson Rockefeller. Politically dead as recently as last November, Rockefeller enjoyed a resurrection that could put him back in the national picture—the basic goal of all his political operations—if he can just survive the coming rough legislative session.

To get the facts straightened out: The Democrats were caught totally unprepared last fall when the Johnson sweep brought them control of the New York legislature for the first time in more than thirty years. Immediately, the rich prizes of legislative power became apparent to the bloc of leaders who wanted to cut Mayor Wagner down to size. Last summer, these leaders — Peter Crotty of Buffalo, Dan O'Connell of Albany, John F. English of Nassau, and especially Stanley Steingut of Brooklyn—had, with

others, forced Wagner to endorse Kennedy, the carpetbagger from Massachusetts, as a New York candidate for the United States Senate. The Mayor accepted the decision politely, but with little enthusiasm. Before coming out for Kennedy, he demanded pledges of loyalty and support, and they were given willingly, if perhaps not quite sincerely.

Then came the election and the Democrats, who traditionally have used the legislature as a waiting room for would-be judges, found themselves without the experience or talent to govern. The Democratic minority leaders of the previous legislature, Sen. Joseph Zaretzki and Assemblyman Anthony J. Travia, both allies of the Mayor, had done little to distinguish themselves. And the anti-Wagner group was hungry: It has been estimated that about one-third of the legislature's \$12 million budget represents pure pa-

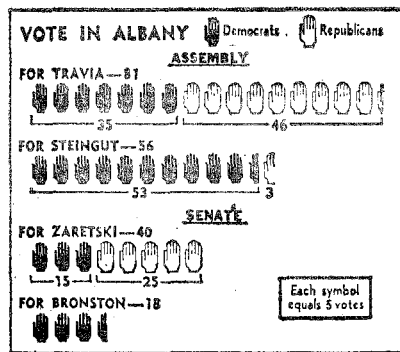
tronage—once defined by a Tammany leader as pay for a job you don't perform.

During this period of leadership vacuum, the newly elected Senator Kennedy undertook a series of trips around the state in the Kennedy family plane, the *Caroline*, to "familiarize" himself with state problems. In the course of the trips, he talked to every one of the leaders who subsequently turned up in the anti-Wagner camp.

Since everyone has denied that Kennedy had anything to do with putting together the "blitz" with which the anti-Wagnerites tried to overpower the special session of the legislature in December, it would be fruitless to try to prove the opposite. And the evidence would tend to support Kennedy's claim that he was only a bystander: the anti-Wagnerites violated the first rule of Kennedy politics when they called a meeting of continuing and new members to elect leaders for the 1965 session without being sure of their votes, and then announced a total that couldn't control. Can anyone remember a time when a Kennedy did that?

It may have been at this point that Kennedy pulled back; certainly he made no further move to support his "side" as the fight developed. And it was precisely at this point that Mayor Wagner moved in. Often described as the politician with the broadest posterior and the longest patience of anybody in the trade, Wagner flatly rejected the two candidates put up by the so-called Kennedy forces: Sen. Julian Erway, of Albany, and the Mayor's sworn enemy, Assemblyman Stanley Steingut, of Brooklyn.

No ticket thrown against him could have been more suitable to Wagner's purposes. Erway, a gentlemanly conservative of 65, was *ipso facto* unacceptable to the reform and liberal elements that support the Mayor, and they proceeded to assassinate his character with a violence of which they must today be ashamed. Steingut, son of the last Democratic Speaker of the Assembly and a young man in a hurry, had already been classified by the Mayor as one of the "bosses" who were ruining the party. Erway could get only 19 of the 33 Democratic votes in the Senate, and Steingut never got more than 53 in the Assembly. Since 30 votes were needed to elect in the Senate and 76 in the



The New York Times

Assembly, the Mayor was in command from the start. For he, alone of New York politicians, has demonstrated the ability to wait out every crisis until someone else hits the panic button. (His latest municipal success has been the welfare strike.)

The hippodrome antics and the crocodile tears began one day after the legislature convened on January 6. On the first roll call in both Houses, the Mayor showed his hand and then sat back to wait for somebody to top him. After 54 roll calls—28 in the Assembly and 26 in the Senate—the solution came.

Throughout the roll calls, the imperturbable Mayor was incessantly castigated. Tears for the demise of the democratic process flooded the oratory, at times choking the distraught speakers. The Mayor's people sat unmoved. And when the anti-Wagner power bloc, by some unbelievable accident, switched its support to one of the ablest members of the Senate, Jack E. Bronston, of Queens, it was too late. Curiously enough, none of the orators bothered to speak a kind word for the Mayor's candidates, Zaretski and Travia—as if their ability were irrelevant to the outcome. In the end, it was.

After four and a half weeks, the Republicans, goaded by a group of upstate newspaper publishers, moved into the act. The Senate minority leader, Earl W. Brydges, of Niagara Falls, and his Assembly counterpart, George Ingalls of Binghamton, held off as long as they could, but the outside pressure got too intense. And Rockefeller, who had smugly told the state publishers at a private budget meeting that the GOP would stay out of the hassle, was suddenly in the picture.

The Republicans, who for some reason regard Robert Kennedy as a threat to their future, threw their

votes to Wagner's candidates, reasoning that this would strengthen the Mayor for any fight he may have with Kennedy in the future, and spare them an all-out Kennedy onslaught.

The decision was as simple as that. Rumor that Rockefeller swapped leadership votes for Wagner's pledge to support the Governor's state-wide sales-use tax was just talk. Rockefeller, who has a \$3.5 billion budget coming up this year, had no reason to deal. He has boxed the Mayor, in any case, by offering him more goodies than Albany has ever promised New York City. If his package is defeated, the Democrats will take the rap.

As for Wagner, the patient realist has won a complete victory over his opponents without committing himself publicly on anything. (He probably will accept the sales-use tax because in the long run it will reduce pressures on the city by cutting back its present 4 per cent sales tax, which is more narrowly based than Rockefeller's proposal.)

What the long-term effects will be on the state government remain to be determined. Right now, New York is in political flux and the GOP has at least a fighting chance of returning to power in the special reapportionment election ordered by the federal court for this year. If it does get back in, the margin could be extremely narrow. And the Democrats of the present outside wing might hold the balance of power.

For the taxpayers, the future isn't bright under any of the conceivable political skies.



Mayor Robert F. Wagner

A Railroad Breaks Down

Who Will Save the New Haven? Sen. Claiborne Pell

When the trustees of the bankrupt New Haven Railroad, on February 4, set in motion an appeal to abandon their commuter service into New York City, and ultimately all passenger traffic, they threw down a gauntlet whose impact may well be felt across the country.

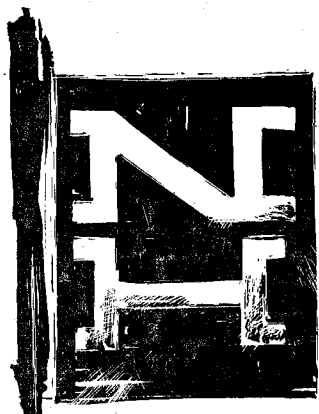
Immediately at stake is daily transportation to and from jobs in New York City of some 25,000 residents of suburban Westchester County in southern New York State and the nearby areas of western Connecticut. The long-range issue is the survival of all rail passenger service between New York and Boston, a matter which is of special importance to me as a Senator from Rhode Island—a state served by no other railroad. I am doubly involved in the problem because since 1962 I have urged the establishment of high-speed passenger rail service the whole length of the Boston-Washington megalopolis. This project has now been embraced in President Johnson's Great Society.

The manner in which the New Haven's crisis is solved, if it is solved, is important to the whole nation. A basic and difficult public policy decision must be made as to who shall pay for a service which appears to be essential but which nearly everyone agrees is basically unprofitable. If a formula for survival can be worked out for the New Haven, it could have important applications in almost every other major metropolitan area in the country. If no rescue operation is undertaken, there may soon be nothing left to save.

Whatever the ultimate decision, the court-appointed trustees of the New Haven have indicated that they cannot continue passenger operations in the framework of private business; lacking assurance of public support they now propose to terminate the service altogether. There could be no clearer demonstration that in this case the usual laws of the market place won't

work. Future historians may marvel that the New Haven continued for so long to dispense a charitable passenger service in the name of private enterprise.

I hasten to acknowledge, at the outset, that a venturesome group of prominent New York bankers and businessmen—under the leadership of Frank P. Davidson, whose Technical Projects, Ltd., has been active in the English Channel tunnel development—are at this moment conducting a study to determine whether they might buy the New Haven's commuter operation outright and run it on a break-even basis through massive moderniza-



tion of equipment. They expect a verdict by spring, and we in the political realm wish them well; their success would solve many problems for us. It must be said, though, that the record of the New Haven does not permit us to pin much hope on this venture.

The New Haven has run at a net operating deficit continuously since 1958, in amounts ranging from \$4.3 million in that year to a peak of \$19.5 million in 1961, when the line went into receivership.

During 1962 and 1963, the court-appointed trustees dutifully whittled the operating deficit down to \$12.7 and \$12.3 million respectively, but last year it shot up again to an estimated \$17.7 million—a rise caused in part by wage increases that totaled \$3.2 million. Faced with more than normal environmental hazards (disastrous floods in 1955 resulted in federal relief of \$14 mil-

lion, and blizzards in 1961 cost the line approximately \$3.9 million in lost revenue and added expenses) the railroad has maintained service on a precarious hand-to-mouth basis. The trustees have survived by self-cannibalization, selling scrap, expendable rolling stock and real estate worth \$4.5 million over the past two years to make ends meet. In spite of this, there has sometimes been barely enough money in the bank to meet the monthly payroll, which currently averages about \$6 million.

Faced with these abysmal prospects, the trustees decided that the only hope for reorganizing the bankrupt line would be through its inclusion in the pending Penn-Central merger, and they so petitioned before the Interstate Commerce Commission in February, 1963. But to make this a feasible solution, they felt that they would have to lop off those parts of the operation which accumulated the biggest deficit. Thus in January of this year, they served notice that they would ask the United States District Court in New Haven for permission to discontinue passenger operations, beginning with the commuter runs.

The balance sheets for recent years make it clear why the passenger service is seen as the villain. People are significantly more expensive and less profitable to carry than is freight, and in recent years the New Haven has been second only to the Long Island Railroad in its high ratio of passengers to freight. In 1963, total passenger fares on the New Haven were approximately 45 per cent of its total operating income. Passenger service in recent years has accounted for about 50 per cent of total operating expenses, and as much as 75 per cent of total train miles.

This high concentration of passenger business accounts for a large percentage of the operating deficit—between 62 and 85 per cent of the annual deficits in the past four years. The estimated passenger deficit for 1964 is \$11.4 million out of a total deficit of \$17.7 million—or about 64 per cent.

Of special significance is the fact

Claiborne Pell, Democrat of Rhode Island, was elected to the U.S. Senate in 1960. He is a member of the Committee on Labor and Public Welfare.

that much of this service is provided for commuters. The fifty-four commuter trains which the New Haven runs daily into and out of Grand Central Station produced about one-third of the line's passenger revenue, and approximately 40 per cent of its passenger miles. They also incur an inordinate proportion of cost because of the peaking nature of commuter traffic.

Equipment stands idle and labor costs escalate—often not without justification, considering the hours involved.

The implications of the problem in terms of payroll were described in vivid detail by the Interstate Commerce Commission's study, "Railroad Passenger Train Deficit," in May, 1959. The reports cited a typical case:

An assistant conductor reports for duty at a New York suburban station at 5:14 a.m. for a run to New York City, and is released from duty at 8:03 a.m. with nothing to do thereafter until 4:10 p.m. when he reports for work on an afternoon run to the same suburban station, where he is released from duty at 7:50 p.m. The spread of assignment is 14 hours 36 minutes, involving 6 hours 29 minutes of time actually worked and 8 hours 7 minutes of uninterrupted release time in the middle of the day. Under the present rules the compensation for this service consists of 1 basic day's pay and 5 hours 36 minutes of overtime.

The alternative to overtime is the hiring of two sets of crews to meet peak demand. But as the so-called "Whitman Report" on the New Haven stated: "These crews are paid on a full day basis even though there is very little opportunity to make efficient use of their services otherwise during slack periods."

In an attempt to plug the off-peak gap, the New Haven in 1963 participated in an experimental program in the Boston metropolitan area that involved reduced fares and more frequent service during the slack hours. The hope was that housewives and others on flexible schedules would take advantage of the service. The experiment, which was financed by the Massachusetts Mass Transportation Commission, did succeed in generating a substantial off-peak patronage on the Boston-Providence line, but the New Haven trustees concluded that the response was not sufficient to offset the normal commutation deficit.

In the New York area, circumstances, in the form of superhighways, have conspired to nibble away at the surviving off-peak rail patronage. The trustees reported for 1962 and 1963 a decrease of \$98,400, or 4.5 per cent, in off-peak patronage from Westchester stations. The drop, they said, reflected completion of the New York Thruway-Connecticut Turnpike approaches to Manhattan.

Time and again, the New Haven has sought to balance its books by wringing the money out of its patrons. Time and again fare increases have been granted. Beginning with a 22.5 per cent hike on some tickets in 1956, fares rose a total of 15 per cent in 1957 and 1958, and in 1959 a substantial adjustment raised some tickets 23.8 per cent. Between 1960 and early 1962, fares jumped 40 per cent in four successive stages. The result, as any student of economics would predict, has been a marked decline in patronage. From the 45,703,199 passengers carried in 1956, the total had dropped by 1963 to 25,880,977. In 1964, the trustees advised the United States court that "the New Haven has exhausted this form of self-help and further fare increases would be self-defeating because of the diversion to other modes of transport which would ensue."

It is not surprising that the New Haven, plagued by these manifold difficulties, has not been able to maintain its physical plant in proper working order. In particular, the line has had to curtail any systematic replacement of rolling stock, and this neglect has in itself aggravated the operating deficit, since obsolete equipment costs more to operate.

The senility of the New York commuter fleet, for example, is depressing to contemplate. Of a total of 190 cars, the 100 newest are ten years old, and the remainder, almost half the fleet, vary in age from thirty to fifty years. None of the antiques, purchased between 1914 and 1931, is air conditioned and "all are deteriorating rapidly," according to the trustees.

It is small wonder that we in Congress are deluged with letters like the one I received from an irate Connecticut commuter recently who said: "The New Haven Railroad situation is becoming desperate, terribly uncomfortable, late trains,

broken windows, broken doors, holes in floors of cars, cars steaming hot or bitter cold."

The penalty for operating such ancient equipment is massive. The cars from the 1914-31 period averaged 5.91 malfunctions per 100,000 car miles in 1963, as against 3.46 for the younger models. And repair costs for the old cars averaged 45.17c per car mile, as against 19.62c per car mile for the new cars. The old cars ran up repair costs of \$833,214 in 1963, while accounting for only 31.5 per cent of the car miles; the new cars had repair costs of \$787,356. Obviously, the New Haven could have saved substantial sums if it had been able to maintain a systematic schedule of replacement in recent years.

The casual reader of this dismal record of the New Haven's decline may be tempted to ask what the fuss is all about. If the New Haven's passenger service is so clearly unable to support itself, why not let it go down the drain? The answer is that, sick as it is, the New Haven performs a vital public service that cannot be duplicated more economically in any other manner.

Although the New York commuter problem is the most dramatic element of the New Haven's passenger-carrying operations, the entire length of the 229-mile route benefits from the public service. About 6,000 commuters ride to and from work daily on New Haven trains in the Boston and Providence metropolitan areas. In 1963, the New Haven carried approximately 25 million passengers, who generated more than \$41 million in fares, only about one-third of which was officially classified as commutation revenue. As is often the case, the true value of this dependable intercity service is not fully appreciated until the weather turns bad. As a frequent rider on *The Federal*, which offers overnight sleeper service between Washington and New England, I know how reassuring it is that the New Haven will still run more or less on time, whatever the weather.

If curtailment of these services in New England would cause inconvenience and consternation, the effect on the metropolitan New York area would be sheer chaos. The New Haven trustees estimated last year that if their New York commuters were to take to their

automobiles, the twenty-four lanes of highway leading into Manhattan "would simply fail to operate." The only possible alternative—but one which probably would offer inferior service at best—would combine bus and subway service at a cost of \$156 million. The trustees concluded that "analysis reveals no practical or adequate alternative to the use of rail transportation."

It is because this public service is essential and irreplaceable that public assistance from both the states and the federal government has already been administered in fairly massive—if ill-coordinated—doses. The federal contribution to the New Haven has been substantial by any standard of public assistance to private industry. It has also been badly conceived from the viewpoint of long-range policy, with the result that federal taxpayers have paid for emergency relief that contributed nothing to an effective program of reorganization and rehabilitation.

The federal government's involvement began in 1955 and 1956 when it guaranteed the \$16 million in flood loans after disastrous storms in southern New England caused widespread damage to the right of way. (The railroad subsequently repaid \$2 million of this amount.) Then during the 1959-61 period the government guaranteed \$23.1 million in special loans to the New Haven under the Transportation Act of 1958. When the New Haven went into receivership in July, 1961, it defaulted on payment of the \$14 million balance of the flood loans, and on an additional \$14.3 million of the special loans. The Treasury promptly paid the creditors \$28.3 million of the taxpayers' money.

Since the receivership, the trustees have obtained guarantees for an additional \$12.5 million of which they have used \$8 million. (They conceivably could draw on the remaining \$4 million to relieve their current distress.) Thus loans to a grand total of \$51.6 million have been guaranteed by the federal government—of which the taxpayers have already had to make good on more than \$28 million.

The contribution of the states has been much less impressive. It has been in the form of tax relief amounting to approximately \$3 million per year in 1962 and 1963. Most of it came from Connecticut, with New York's share diminishing sharply in 1963 because the state legislature attached conditions that required the acquisition of new commuter cars. Rhode Island, I am happy to say, provided \$550,000 in 1963, while tax relief from Massachusetts was described by the trustees as "wholly illusory."

Helpful as these state contributions have been, they fall far short of the annual \$6.2 million recommended in 1960 by an interstate group as the necessary level of support from the four states. Clearly, the localities served by the railroad have not yet recognized that they must pay for a service they cannot afford to lose.

There have been repeated suggestions, most recently from the New England Governors' Conference, that the federal government should bear most or all of the burden of the unprofitable passenger operations. These arguments overlook the fact that the federal government—meaning the nation's taxpayers—

has already paid out more than four times what the states themselves have been willing to spend. In view of this, it would seem to me virtually impossible to get any program of assistance through Congress until there is a clearer demonstration of concern from the states.

What is needed, I think, is a rational and orderly framework for the public financing of an essential public service. Now that the trustees have in a sense given up, by proposing to amputate the passenger service, we can no longer think in terms of the stopgap, patchwork palliatives that have characterized public assistance to date. We need now a master plan for resolution and recovery that looks to the future.

It was with this in mind that I introduced in the Senate on January 7 a bill (S. 348) to establish a four-state public authority under which Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York would take over and operate the New Haven's passenger operations. The states would be bound by the compact to make up the annual deficit of the authority in proportion to the passenger miles traveled in their borders: the federal government, for its part, would agree to pledge its credit to guarantee up to \$500 million in bonded indebtedness of the authority—more than enough, I believe, to effect a complete recapitalization of the passenger-carrying service.

This bill, I believe, offers a sound formula for sharing the responsibility. It assigns to the federal government a basic responsibility for the capitalization of a national asset. Through the device of the federal



loan guarantee, the authority can raise considerable quantities of capital at preferred rates and terms and without direct recourse to the public treasury. But unlike the previous loans by Washington, this one would be protected against default by virtue of the states' commitment to underwrite the operating deficit. Should the states not be willing to make up deficits from general rev-

enue, it might be possible to vest the authority with its own taxing power—as has been done by the Bay Area Rapid Transit District in California.

I do not urge my proposal as a perfect solution, but as a workable framework within which a reasonable resolution of the problem can be made. There is no easy way out of this situation, because the New

Haven crisis is a classic case in which classic problems have finally come to a head. The railroad's plight is bitter, but it is not unique. That is why we need new thinking and new techniques that will point the way to future resolution of such problems across the land. We can only hope that Congress and the states will show themselves equal to the task.

When Abortion Is Justified Lee R. Dice

A healthy baby who is born into a home where loving parents provide for its well-being is very fortunate. Unhappily, tens of thousands of babies born each year are unwanted because their mothers are unmarried or because their parents already have more children than they can support. Also each year, thousands of babies are born with serious physical or mental defects. It is the plight of these unwanted or defective babies that should concern us.

Approximately 240,000 illegitimate births were registered in the United States in 1962, and the National Office of Vital Statistics reports that the rate of illegitimacy has risen in the past few years from 6 to 7 per cent. Almost all these children are unwanted; almost all of them will suffer, at least at first, from lack of parental love. Some of the more fortunate may later be adopted into comfortable homes, but a number are likely to spend their whole juvenile lives in institutions. Many will be handicapped throughout life by the social stigma of illegitimacy.

Statistics on the other category of unwanted children—those born into families which already have as many children as the family resources can adequately care for and educate—are difficult to compile, but the total is very large.

A child born in such circumstances not only stands little chance



of receiving adequate attention itself; it also dilutes the amount of care that can be given to its older brothers and sisters and may jeopardize the welfare of the whole family. When a family is only just surviving economically, such an addition may be truly disastrous.

Crippling physical defects, physiological abnormalities and mental disorders, due in part to hereditary factors, afflict a large number of children. No figures appear to be available, but probably more than 100,000 children are born each year in the United States with serious hereditary defects. Although our knowledge of human genetics is incomplete, what we do know, if properly applied, could avoid many of these tragic births.

Infections or accidents suffered by the mother during pregnancy also may result in deformed or mentally subnormal children. The child of a mother infected during pregnancy with German measles (rubella) may be thus affected, and several other infectious diseases are suspected of damaging the embryo or fetus. Certain chemicals are known to cause prenatal damage. Thalidomide is a notable example, and it was a sorry instance of our unconcern for the

welfare of our children that a woman who had innocently taken thalidomide during pregnancy was forced by the laws of our states to go to Europe to have her pregnancy terminated and thus to avoid the likelihood of delivering a deformed baby.

Are we not cruel to allow the birth of children who are unwanted, who will probably be unloved, who must endure neglect because their families are overcrowded, or who come into the world with a high probability of suffering serious defects or deficiencies? A large proportion of these children need never be born. The wider use of effective methods of birth control would be helpful, but birth control alone will not suffice. No commonly used contraceptive method is 100 per cent effective, and the so-called rhythm method is especially subject to failure. Nor will birth control prevent the birth of a baby who is defective because its mother contracted an infection during pregnancy. Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, president of Planned Parenthood-World Population, and visiting lecturer at Columbia Medical School, has recommended modification of the laws of the fifty states to permit, under adequate safeguards, the termination of a pregnancy when there is real danger that the child will be born with a serious handicap. Dr. Guttmacher also urges that induced abortion be permitted, on request of the woman concerned and after approval of a competent legal authority, to prevent the birth of a child to an unmarried girl younger than 18 or of an unwanted child into a family that is already too large to prosper.

Induced abortion can be performed legally today in most states to

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preserve the life or protect the health of the mother. Any surgeon who terminates a pregnancy to prevent the birth of an unwanted or defective child will in most states be committing a crime and exposing himself to severe legal penalties, and to the loss of his license. Last month 1,200 New York State obstetricians went on record as urging that the state law be amended to permit abortion, not only when the



life of the mother is at stake but when her future health is in serious danger, or when her child is likely to be mentally or physically deficient.

A justification for the ban on induced abortion is the fear that its easy availability would encourage sexual immorality. Thus, in the cause of public morality, an unmarried woman who becomes pregnant is punished for her sin by being forced to bear an illegitimate child. Unfortunately, the child is more heavily punished than the mother or father. And judging by present mores, fear of bearing an illegitimate child seems an ineffective guardian of strict sexual propriety.

Another reason often given for maintaining the present laws is that in some religions abortion constitutes murder. This judgment follows from the belief that a human being originates at the instant of conception. It is not the function of legislation, nor is it within the scope of this discussion, to influence religious views; communicants will abide by the teaching of their church in any area of life, whatever the law may permit. It should be pointed out, however, that for all legal purposes an individual's birth, not his conception, is the significant datum, and that the law already permits the destruction of an embryo or fetus in the interest of its mother. The equation of induced abortion with murder thus seems legally most dubious.

If we are willing to agree that it is morally justifiable to terminate a pregnancy which is likely to result in a child who may have serious defects or an unfavorable home environment, we must then consider the rules under which such operations will be permitted. The termination of any pregnancy must be carefully controlled by society.

First of all, no operation to terminate a pregnancy may be performed except at the request of the woman concerned. If the woman is a minor or is mentally incompetent, then her parents or her legal guardian must make the application. If the woman is married, her husband must endorse the request. In other words, every induced abortion must be a voluntary operation.

Secondly, authorization to induce an abortion should be granted only by a duly established court. Courts which now deal with child welfare would seem best suited to take on this duty. If the local courts in any community are overburdened, or for any other reason unable to assume jurisdiction over cases of pregnancy termination, a new branch of an existing court or an altogether new court should be organized for the purpose. Whatever court is assigned this responsibility, it should be granted the specific power to authorize an induced abortion in any case where the life prospects of a potential child are compromised by the factors we have been considering.

In some states the courts seem already to have the power to authorize abortion where a prospective child is likely to have a serious hereditary defect. The laws of all the states, however, need to be clarified and extended to give an appropriate court the specific power to authorize on request the termination of any pregnancy which is likely to produce a child who will be seriously defective or seriously handicapped by home environment.

A prompt decision must be made on each application, because the longer a pregnancy continues the more difficult and dangerous is the operation. In those cases where a local court denies a request for an induced abortion, prompt appeal to a higher court should be available.

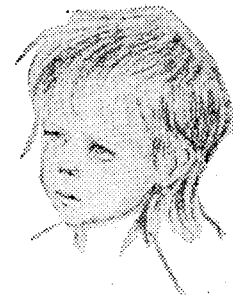
Technical advice from physicians, social workers, human geneticists and other qualified specialists must be available to each court which is to consider the applica-

tions. Most courts that deal with child welfare already have a staff of one or more social workers; advice from competent physicians is also usually available on request. Reliable opinion as to the probability of the inheritance of physical and mental defects will be more difficult to obtain in most localities. Our medical schools, however, are expanding the training of their students in the heredity of human defects, and a few communities have established heredity clinics.

A board of specialists to advise the court on each application for pregnancy termination may be desirable, especially where the number of applications is large. Such a board might consist of a social worker, a physician and a geneticist. It would seem to be unwise, however, to give any such board the right itself to authorize a pregnancy termination. Only a regularly constituted court should have such powers.

The records of court cases which deal with pregnancy termination must of course be held confidential. Each court, however, should publish annual statistics on the number of cases presented to it, their disposition, and the reasons for the decisions.

In each authorization for an induced abortion the court should specify who is to pay the hospital and medical expenses. If the woman is unmarried, it would be presumed that the man responsible for the pregnancy, if he can be identified,



should pay at least a part of these expenses. Legal abortions must, of course, be performed under proper medical and surgical conditions, and it would be the court's responsibility to know that proper standards were maintained. Thus, most of the pain and danger now associated with the illegal practice would be eliminated.

By performing each operation designed to induce an abortion only under authorization from a court, the surgeon will be freed from the

likelihood of suit for malpractice. The possibility of blackmail by any person who has knowledge of the operation, moreover, will be largely removed.

The problem of the unmarried girl who has become pregnant is especially urgent. To force her to produce an illegitimate child is a fearful punishment which may wreck her whole life. Also to be considered are the evil effects of illegitimacy on the child. Would it not be better for the girl, for the child, and for society as a whole to have the pregnancy terminated?

Some unmarried women produce a series of children. These women may be mentally subnormal, and their homes often are wholly unsuited for the rearing of children. Children raised under conditions which may involve prostitution, alcoholism, drug addiction and crime are in grave danger of becoming juvenile or adult delinquents. Would it not be much better to terminate such pregnancies?

The welfare load can be expected to drop in communities where induced abortions are used to prevent the birth of unwanted children. Unmarried women and families whose wage earners are unemployed will usually welcome the opportunity to

terminate those pregnancies which may occur. Especially in communities where there is a high rate of unemployment, therefore, the welfare load should be substantially reduced by a liberalizing of the law.

But these modifications of the law will have to be carried out individually by the states. Every person interested in improving the welfare of our children can assist by



Drawings by A. Dick Duma

petitioning his state legislature on this matter. Women's clubs and other organizations concerned with the welfare of children can be especially effective in promoting workable programs designed to eliminate the evils of the present laws.

Although these problems of child welfare must be solved mostly by the states, the federal Department

of Health, Education and Welfare can assist in several ways. It should, for example, expand the gathering and publishing of information about the number of illegitimate births per year, the number of unwanted births in overcrowded families, and the number of children born with hereditary or other defects. The department should also expand its support of research into the hereditary and environmental factors which may produce defective children, or which may handicap their development or education. Further, the department should report upon the effects on child welfare in the several states of the present laws and practices that deal with birth control and abortion.

Our society may be in part responsible, by its emphasis upon sex, for the large number of illegitimate children. Whoever is to blame, however, it is grossly unfair to punish the children for the sins or indiscretions of their mothers, their fathers or of society at large. Babies do have rights. Every child born into the world should have at least a fair chance to be loved, to have a comfortable and happy home, to be physically and mentally healthy, and to receive such training and education as will bring out the best of his or her abilities.

10,000 Red-Gilt Envelopes Huston Smith

I was using my sabbatical year to get as close as I could to Tibetans. Lamas were my objective, but for an American this means going to India where—since the Chinese invasion of Tibet in 1959—the strongest Tibetan monasteries have been reconstituted in exile. The Indian spirituality one encounters en route is a phenomenon in itself. As I entered the country during the climax of an American Presidential campaign, this spirituality was taking a side glance at politics. Sri Goswami, head of Delhi's famed Birla temple, had just taken an astral reading on President Johnson's chances for reelection, and in the course of discovering that he would prevail in the face of heavy planetary opposition, had come up with the unex-

pected finding that LBJ had spent his preceding incarnation as a Hindu ascetic doing penance in a forest by the Ganges. Could this be the recent past of the man who in the course of his 1962 Vice Presidential good-will tour of India, is rumored to have filled the stately sanctuary of the Taj with a rousing "yaHOO"? As a newspaper observed, "it staggers belief."

If the way to the lamas is through spiritual India, a way to India is through commercial Hong Kong. There I encountered something else that strains credulity: an institution familiar to tourists in the phrase "Comprehensive Certificate of Origin."

The rationale for this institution is uncomplicated. Since Communist China defines us as its enemy, it behooves us to make things as difficult for it as possible. One way to

do so is to deprive it of U.S. foreign exchange, and a means of doing this is to see that U.S. tourist dollars are not spent for articles originating in Red China. As proof of its wholesome background, each article that might be suspected of having come from Communist China must be accompanied by a Comprehensive Certificate of Origin to guarantee that neither it nor its raw materials, nor indeed anything associated with it, did so originate. Lacking such a certificate, it will be spurned by customs.

In theory this is straightforward. In practice, as one might suspect, it occasions complications of which the following is an example.

It is a Chinese custom that gift money be presented in a decorative red envelope trimmed with gilt. Shortly before my arrival there, an imaginative representative in Hong

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February 22, 1965

Kong for the American Friends Service Committee saw in these attractive envelopes a promising gimmick for soliciting contributions to his organization's refugee work, and ordered 10,000 for enclosure with fund-raising letters that were to go out from Philadelphia. He reminded the shopkeeper that the envelopes would require the usual Certificate of Origin, and was assured that it would be forthcoming. And indeed, the shopkeeper did produce proof that nothing that went into the envelopes—neither paper, dye nor glue, not even the gilt—had come from Red China. But the proof proved insufficient because the shopkeeper was not able to furnish comparable evidence for all the items he stocked. Though not themselves Communist, the envelopes had picked up guilt by association from other envelopes in the shop that may have been. A second 10,000 envelopes had to be produced at a shop that was certified from raft beams to threshold. Ironically if irrelevantly, when this second lot reached the United States its certificate wasn't demanded.



Stories like this pepper Hong Kong dinner conversation. It is not enough that ducks eaten by Americans be Hong Kong-raised: they should not have been hatched from mainland eggs, whose genealogy—again the irony—often jumps the Pacific to Long Island, whence the lineage of Peking Duck was restored when an epidemic destroyed its indigenous population. And so on until one comes to the story of the Hong Kong Hilton. It appears that this illustrious establishment has half a million dollars worth of furniture stored in basements around town because its purchasing agent presumed that the fact that the furniture was remaining in Hong Kong exempted it from certificate requirements. The consulate pointed out that the prohibition forbids "importation or purchase" of Communist goods, the latter holding even if the goods are employed locally. Repentant, the hotel offered to sell the furniture, only to be told that this would make matters worse. As a peddler of Communist wares, the hotel would become a Communist agent!

There are endless variations on the basic anecdote. An American couple who were going to Hong Kong for three years wanted to take

with them a favorite Tang figurine, but were warned by officials that they might not be able to get it back into the States. Reason: the 8th-century artist had neglected to stamp it with a serial number by which it could be unmistakably identified. The whole system reminded the daughter of a former American ambassador to Egypt of her father's inability to bring a mummy home with him on retirement because he could not produce its death certificate.

One expects practice to be more complicated than policy. If the policy behind the certificate is justified, American tourists and Hong Kong businessmen and officials can put up with its enormous inconvenience. But is it justified?

Delhi's Goswami was right: Johnson prevailed. Indeed, his election majority was large enough to give him some room for maneuver. The next elections are a long way off. Perhaps this combination of circumstances makes the time auspicious for the rethinking of our China policy that many have been urging. There is no sign that the Chinese Communists are eager for us to relax tensions; if my view of them had been oversanguine when I left

home, the lamas' accounts of the Communist rape of Tibet were more than enough to dispel any remaining illusions I might have harbored. But the ruthlessness of China's present leaders does not enable us to predict how they would respond to overtures. Through nearly twenty years of anti-American tirade they have nurtured a distinction that would enable them to reverse their United States policy overnight without losing face. "Have you heard a word against the American people during your weeks in China?" a guide asked a Canadian at the close of a recent month's tour. When the tourist answered that it seemed to him that he had heard little else, she corrected him: "You have heard much against American imperialism, but I challenge you to cite a single word you have heard against the American people."

The fact that the Chinese have kept open this face-saving route to coexistence is no sign, of course, that they intend to make early use of it. On the contrary, they seem currently to be in a tough-line mood, and give every sign of being convinced that they can sustain the momentum of their revolution only through hate. So they give their peo-

ple "American imperialism" and "Soviet deviationism" to hate abroad, while at home tired old landlords, a few of whom have been retained against times when they might be useful, are dusted off and trotted out to be hated anew. A recent ideological dispute in Communist China sounds curiously abstract coming from the admirable and practical Chinese: it concerns the issue of "2 into 1" or "1 into 2." Behind these bloodless equations rages the question of whether a good Marxist should try to reconcile differences (blend multiplicity into unity, fuse "2 into 1") or expect history always to produce deviationists and counterrevolutionaries ("1 into 2") who must be spotted, publicly denounced and exorcised.

As the "1-into-2" philosophy of perpetual conflict is currently carrying the day, we cannot count on the Chinese to respond in good faith to any overtures we might make.

But one can't be certain, and what is more relevant, some overtures might make sense even if the Chinese didn't respond in kind. The votes for admitting Red China to the UN are building up against us. If we give the world the impression that our China policy is a static monolith—a phrase we generally associate with communism but which may curiously fit us on the point in question—the outvoting of a single article of this policy will imply world rejection of our entire China stand. That would be serious. It is important, therefore, that we make unmistakably plain that our policy is neither inflexible nor all of a piece. The way to do that is to keep constantly probing for points where the ice jam might give a bit. To lift our trade embargo substantially, or to entertain the thought of recognizing Red China, or seating it in the UN, might be too much at this point. Abolition of the

certificate requirement might be just the right-sized ploy.

Whether or not that is the place to begin (we might equally well start by proposing an exchange of intellectuals, if the press-exchange proposal is beyond resurrection) the time seems ripe for experiment. The Chinese had just exploded their first atomic bomb when I passed through Hong Kong toward the lamas. I thought it a mark of maturity that Americans had the detachment to quip, "Oh well, they didn't do much with gun powder." But times have changed, and the explosion gives new point to the hope that Sino-American attitudes won't remain frozen forever in their present state.

Meanwhile, anyone not a citizen of the United States who is interested in 10,000 red envelopes can secure same at favorable price by contacting the Friends' representative in Hong Kong.

Encounters in Virginia

Freedom Teacher & Gentle Ladies Eva Newmark

A sharp peak of the Southern ice-berg lies in Southside Virginia, and after a short stay there, one returns with frostbitten impressions, wondering when the thaw will set in.

I remember that the phone rang often before I left for Farmville last summer. Friends bade me goodbye when they learned I had volunteered for the Free Schools, and cautioned me to be careful, as if I were leaving for a strange, foreign country. Others disapproved. Farmville is 50 miles southwest of Richmond, but I might have been going to China or Cuba. Southside Virginia, it seemed, was out of bounds, and really no business of mine.

But what, I asked, could be more American than a town named Farmville? The bucolic word conjured up a village out of a nursery rhyme, rather than the seat of regally titled Prince Edward County. The tired clerk behind the counter at the Pennsylvania Station in New York suddenly smiled when I asked for a ticket. It was as if for him, too,

Farmville evoked a memory from childhood.

I had been assured before I left that Southside Virginia was urbane and civilized, a region of college communities. Here there was no reign of terror, as in Mississippi; the ugly word "nigger" would not be heard, nor the sounds of hate and frenzy. No red necks would stare at me from glazed eyes when they found I was working with the Free Schools.

As the train flew across the green countryside, I wondered in what dark drawer lay the clue to a county, proud of its cultivation and learning, that slammed school doors in the faces of its children and kept them shut for five long years? Or was slam the wrong word? Had the doors been closed gently, in the well-bred, aristocratic tradition of Virginia? Out of what forces of hatred came that cold decision when that state was faced with integration?

When the last lock in the last school was bolted, the event was hailed by the widely read Farmville Herald with a newly inspired motto: "Prince Edward County — Stand

Steady," and an editorial pontificated: "Prince Edward is understood, encouraged and admired privately by more people than any other county in the nation."

Before describing that sanctimonious community, it is necessary to recall the birth pangs of the Free Schools. Not until four years after Prince Edward became an educational no man's land was the Free School Association conceived. At once, money poured in from across the country, contributions arriving from individuals and foundations, and classrooms opened for the nearly 2,000 Negro children who had been abandoned to years of isolation and lonely squalor. (White children had been attending private schools of one kind or another.)

Only after great pressure had been brought to bear on the town council were the musty, padlocked school buildings in Farmville leased to the newly formed association, so that the extraordinary rescue, which was to last twelve months, could begin. Dr. Neil Sullivan (now head of schools in Berkeley, Calif.) was appointed superintendent; out of

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chaos and almost overnight he organized an ungraded system which was sensitive and alive to the needs of the children.

From across the country, 100 teachers and administrators arrived by plane, car and train, and coalesced quickly into the first integrated faculty Virginia had ever seen. No training or experience had taught them to tend wounds caused by years of rejection and neglect, or to awaken a child from apathy and paralysis caused not by a germ but by isolation. It wasn't easy to keep your hand steady when slipping a pencil between stiff fingers which never held one before, nor to make your voice stay calm while persuading a youngster, who stood speechless with disbelief, that the book offered him could be taken home for his own.

To many a ten-year-old in Farmville, the alphabet was a strange gibberish, and the faces of older children reflected poignant struggles against eagerness, impatience and anger with themselves at not being able to race ahead fast enough.

Many studies have been made of how these children were brought back into the 20th century. But what about the town upon which the spotlight of publicity had suddenly been turned? Had its people been stung, or at least sobered, by the realization that the world was looking on at the debacle they had created? Farmville, complacent and becalmed in righteous self-hypnosis, was determined to see nothing of the drama unfolding on its stage.

Bordering on the tired, sluggish Appomattox River, the town, like most in America, puts its worst foot forward as one arrives by train. In the center of Main Street stands the red brick courthouse, adjacent to the First Baptist Church with its stolid white columns. Blocks of frumpy stores run in either direction to the outskirts. In a drugstore, counter stools had been torn up at the roots—to prevent blacks and whites from sitting together—and people stood meekly at the fountain, drinking their ice cream sodas. The marquee above an old movie theatre, only one in town, proclaimed daily, "You Will Enjoy This One." What did that mean to a Negro not permitted to cross the hallowed threshold?

Yet the people one met were warm and friendly, ingratiatingly polite and gentle mannered. If a casual question revealed you to be a stranger, there was no limit to the interest shown and the time taken to direct and explain. A smile would immediately produce a slow dance of nods and how do you do's which followed you around, until you felt like an old neighbor come home. Moving into this maze of paradoxes was like walking into a mesh of cobwebs. But try to push the webs aside, and they became Gordian knots.

Arrogantly walled in from any currents of change, this college town of 5,000 population is, for the majority of its residents, an ideal place to retire to after years in business, academic life, or as public servants in Washington or abroad. Divorced from industry, except for two very

small factories, one processing tobacco, the other making shoes, its pleasant languor is undisturbed until on Saturday it suddenly awakens to the bustle of farmers and their families, almost all of them Negroes, who arrive from the surrounding country for their weekly forages in the supermarkets.

After school hours, I took long exploring walks. The afternoon sun, past its midday anger, turned friendly, dappling the sidewalks with gold coins. Away from Main Street ugliness disappeared as streets threaded their way over hills shadowed by elms, loblolly pines and mimosas. Everywhere lilac and pink crepe myrtle bloomed wildly, yet maintained an air of Southern decorum. From hilltops, one could look across the river to corn and tobacco farms that fanned out into a mosaic of shimmering shades of green.

The spacious, turreted houses rambling over green lawns, and red brick mansions behind white pillars, were a backdrop to history. One expected them to come to life as courtly bearded generals and their ladies emerged. They appeared untenanted until I was caught one day in a downpour. Suddenly women's voices, filled with concern, drifted down from wide verandas, inviting me to come in. When I declined with thanks, one called out to offer me an umbrella, another walked down to the gate, warning me against the steamy dampness.

These same warm, ingratiating voices, inviting me out of the rain, had icily abandoned Negro children to the darkness of the Middle Ages. It was their silence which permitted the school doors to close. And from the moment they opened, the Free Schools were invisible. The town turned blind eyes and deaf ears to the dangerous conspiracy of recitation and laughter coming from classrooms that had been silent for so long. Although the four scattered school buildings were less than 2 miles from Main Street, not one of these good people was driven by curiosity to step through their doors. Now, more than ever, white people kept themselves to themselves.

Just as invisible were the twenty freshly painted yellow school buses that daily lumbered through the town. Even when an old bus broke down, disgorging its noisy load on the sidewalk to wait for rescue, the



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fantasy played out by the white people was undisturbed. The children simply were not there.

Life in Farmville moved in two orbits that never touched: The Negro community—alive with operation survival; the schools, open seven days a week; medical and dental care for the children, hot lunches, clothing distribution. And the white town, frozen in ante-bellum tradition.

Only because I roomed in the home of a member of the white oligarchy was I able to touch some of the bewildering convolutions inside this world. The widow with whom I lived had an arrangement with the local hotel to accommodate the overflow guests of college students. This, plus the fact that she was a pillar of the community, made it possible for a member of the Free Schools to enter her sanctuary.

She also seemed to be running a guest house for her many grandchildren. Mostly teen-agers, they came and went, respectfully calling her ma'am, and permitted the run of the house. Trim and spry, with keen blue eyes, she missed nothing as she bent over her petit point. She regarded me with tolerance. I was not dangerous, but certainly unfortunate in having nothing better to do with my summer than volunteer at the Free Schools. In our conversations she deliberately ignored my work—as she easily ignored any reality that impinged on her delusions. However, my presence made her slightly uneasy at times, and she let fly sharp darts at the Negro people, while in the same breath declaring her great love for them.

One hot evening, in the coolness of her air-conditioned living room, we sat listening to the news broadcast. When the inevitable commercial interrupted, she announced amiably, "Whoever it was that invented the deodorant is the greatest benefactor *they* ever had. It's absolutely the most wonderful thing that ever happened to *them*."

By then I had learned that any "they" floating unattached in her conversation referred to the Negro. When I replied that obviously the advertisement we were looking at was directed at white people, she stared at me in astonishment. I had said something fantastic, even though at that very moment a blonde was chattering away about how the product on view had trans-

formed her life. In that comfortable living room, with family portraits staring down at us, it wasn't easy for my hostess to remember that I was not also an inhabitant of her irrational and specious world.

Her needle flew until the moment when a favorite commentator from Richmond came on with his racist harangue. Then she sat mesmerized as he lashed out at race riots in the North, again and again holding up Prince Edward County as the ideal of peaceful race relations.

"In Virginia we take care of our own," she said, "and 'they' are happy here. There is no need for welfare people or for the federal government to interfere—causing nothing but confusion and violence. Now look at Mary—she's happy, knowing I'll always look after her—even when she's too old to work."

This favorite promise did not mean that any provision would be made for Mary's old age; it merely allowed her mistress to feel more comfortably possessive about her. For many years, Mary has been burnishing that twelve-room house and carrying breakfast trays upstairs every morning. On the day the D.A.R. was to meet, I found the kitchen a billowing sea of biscuits, and was told that the ladies wouldn't think of lunching without Mary's delectable baking. And so each month, the ceremony of burying the Golden Rule was begun by biting into Mary's biscuits.

But occasionally a fretting worry would crop up in our conversations. There was college tuition for some of the grandchildren to be met, and money that had been set aside by their parents for the purpose was being frittered away on private academies, with no end in sight, as the younger children must be provided for.

And there was deep nostalgia for the past—for the old, paternal closeness with the Negroes which had disappeared.

"We used to be invited to every last one of their celebrations—weddings, baptisms—why we even went to their funerals! Years ago, my children wouldn't think of missing a baptism down by the river—all that excitement and commotion! Now," she sighed, "we're no longer asked to anything. And I feel terribly sorry for 'them'—especially the older folks—because they miss us so!"

The regret and lamentation in her voice was grieving for herself. Life had indeed become dull since she was excluded. Sorting threads of colored wool into neat mounds, her eyes lit up as she recalled a Negro wedding.

"Julia was a housemaid for my sister, then left to go up North. Later she returned to Farmville to get married—even brought a pianist friend from Harlem to play the organ. I remember the day was sweltering hot, but we all liked Julia, and came to the church. When the bride stood there, ready to walk down the aisle, her friend pressed the first notes of the wedding march. Suddenly everything was wild commotion. The sounds wailling out of that organ! Like cats howling! People ran around, not knowing what to do, until a girl, about 12 years old, said she had practiced on that organ. So at last the bride came marching down the aisle, to the tune of—*Onward Christian Soldiers!*"

She looked up and smiled. "The child seemed to know which keys were not eaten away by rats." Over the years, the story must have brought tears of laughter to the eyes of her friends, and now, disappointed, she forgave my lack of humor with a shrug.

During the weeks of my stay, I often spoke with the grandchildren, as they aimlessly came and went, often staying overnight. For them, the summer dragged on, a time of restlessness and boredom. One morning I was startled to find a 15-year-old sprawled limply in the same living-room chair where I had left him the night before, red-rimmed eyes glued to television. Boasting that he had sat through three movies without closing an eye, he spoke of spending many nights this way.

This same boy asked me one afternoon, "If the Negroes don't like it in Prince Edward, why don't they pack up and leave?"

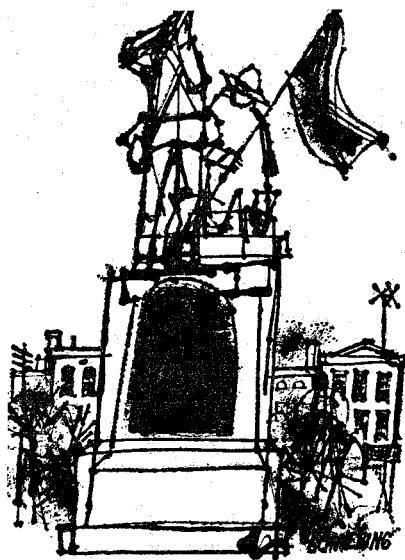
"What would happen to the community if they all disappeared?"

"We'd have no black invasion on Saturdays!" he laughed.

So strangling was their education in the private academies, the young people had no understanding of the economics of their existence—or that so many comforts and amenities of life were entirely dependent on the Negro. And growing up during the new ferment, they had none of the warm, easygoing feelings of

their elders toward the colored people. They lived in a world which gave lip service to the past, and offered them no guidelines for the present. For them, the Negro was merely an object—worthy only of disdain, and a safe target for their resentments and frustrations.

Learning that I had come from New York, a tall, handsome boy with corn-silk hair pressed me with questions about Greenwich Village. I thought at first that he was drawn to its Left Bank atmosphere, but soon realized my mistake from the trend his curiosity was taking. He



was obsessed by phantoms of black and white living together—and filled with impatience to be of an age to see the scandal for himself. Once, with mockery in his eyes, he asked why we Northerners raised such a hue and cry about the Ku Klux Klan, now extinct and a figment of our imaginations. He must have wondered later whether he'd succeeded in impressing me with his importance in the hooded tribe.

Even in the most casual conversations, I was often told that the first educational heartbeats of the country were heard here in Southside Virginia. Hampden-Sydney College opened its doors in 1776, and still lies sequestered in its dreamlike forest setting a few miles outside of Farmville. Source of greatest pride, however, is Longwood College, which sits like a pampered princess in the center of town, and is today practically the core of its activity. Beginning as a private college for girls, it is today supported

by the state, but is still a finishing school for Southern middle-class daughters. Its red brick Greek Revival buildings preside, formal and sedate, over wide green lawns.

"The tuition is still quite high," we were comfortably reassured by the serenely blond, middle-aged administrator as she shepherded a friend and myself through dormitories, classrooms and museumlike reception halls. We had strolled into the college one Sunday morning during the summer session, and were invited with traditional hospitality to explore the campus. Returning to the impressive rotunda of the main hall, our eyes followed three stories of circular balconies to portraits of famous educators etched in color on the glass dome high above us. Our guide identified each face, and as we stood bathed in the same benign light that had filtered down on Thomas Jefferson, it seemed the appropriate moment to inquire whether Longwood was soon to be integrated.

Visibly shaken by the appalling thought that we must be from the Free Schools, our companion struggled for self-possession. Nervously patting an elaborate hair-do, although every strand was in place, she now looked at us across a wide gulf. Her clipped voice, no longer dripping honey, replied that this could never happen.

"But," my companion persisted, "since Longwood has become a state college, isn't it supported by taxes?"

"Yes, of course it is."

We remained silent.

She stood looking at her nails, which matched her cherry-colored dress. Since we made no move to leave, she drew a long breath, and remarked: "You know that Virginia has built the finest colleges for 'them'—why in the world would they want to come here?" And triumphantly—"as a matter of fact, they don't!"

Remembering a recent graduate of the Free Schools who had applied for admission, I mentioned the name: a girl whose application read—class valedictorian, honor student and recipient of a college scholarship. In invisible ink was written the dream of integrating the school here in the town where she had been born, of facing hurt and humiliation as another 18-year-old might dream of dates and proms at college.

"Any number of applications were turned down this year." The blue

eyes beneath the arched eyebrows widened. "But why pretend the problem is educational? You and I know perfectly well it's much deeper."

"Where then does it lie?"

The words were brittle with irony: "Possibly a question of racial purity, of intermarriage?"

Since Longwood was a girls' school, we wondered how the race could be defiled by this student. But at last her composure was at an end, and she would have pounded a desk had there been one. "Has it ever occurred to Northerners that we here in Virginia have certain rights in our own house?"

Clearly less rhetorical than personal, the question was an indignant reminder that we had broken our way into a town where we were not wanted, and now into the college, and was a polite invitation to leave.

By now the midday sun rode high, but we shivered a little as we crossed the lawn to the street ahead, stopping to stare into the face of the Confederate soldier whose statue stands at attention at the heart of every Southern city. On either side, two churches, their jeweled windows reflecting sharp darts of color through green vines, had just opened their doors, and students in light Sunday dresses were streaming out. For us, it was a scene as remote as a movie set. We recalled that from one of these churches an elderly dean of history, the solitary voice on the Longwood faculty to cry out against the destruction of the public schools, had been expelled as church treasurer. He was excommunicated also by his golf and social clubs, and became a resented pariah in the town.

Aimlessly, we wandered back of the college dormitories, away from the broad, shaded streets, to narrow lanes without sidewalks. We passed another church, this one seedy, its wooden slats peeled dry by the sun. Propped up on the grass, a board read, "Race Baptist Church." It was an odd name for a church, until we later noticed that we were on Race Street. From the open windows of the church we overheard the service—violent exhortations of the preacher, then the responses of the congregation, soaring and dipping to a wail. It was an anguished dialogue, intensely personal, and we had the troubled feeling of being eavesdroppers as we walked away.

The NATION

Most houses on that street shrank back, as if ashamed of being lived in. Streets like this are taken utterly for granted in Farmville, yet people are quick to assure you that no ghettos exist, that white and black live happily side by side. But there is no mistaking the juncture where a meandering street suddenly goes from white to black. Grace and beauty turn into forlorn poverty, porches sag, roofs crumble. The houses of the poorer whites stand as a buffer between the two worlds. These neighbors cannot forget that two years ago the Negroes demonstrated for jobs on Main Street, and that two were hired! They are beset with malice and fear—that the Negro may again test his power.

At the approach to just such a juncture between the races stood the pleasantly large home of one of the town's doctors. On the lawn, a wrought-iron sign read "Colored—Entrance in Rear." Above the bald letters, an arrow pointed around the corner to a shabby rear wing of the house, where unmistakably large, the word "Colored" hung over the door. The good doctor was making doubly sure that no patient, however ill, could possibly stumble into the wrong entrance.

Finding it necessary to look up some material for school, I started out early one clear, rain-washed Saturday morning for the public library. Unable to locate it, I stopped a young woman wheeling a baby carriage to ask for directions. She looked at me in surprise.

"Oh, we have no public one in Farmville, but there is a woman who loans out books twice a week. . . ."

I had been playing with the baby, and thought she had not heard me correctly. After she repeated the information, I walked on to ask several others, and found that it was true. In that unnerving and topsy-turvy world, nothing could be taken for granted—even that liberal arts colleges in a community presupposed some vested interest in scholarship. The word public was in itself too threatening a concept, and when allied with books, definitely dangerous and subversive. Therefore it followed that no library was built, nor did one exist in all of Prince Edward County. No sign on the lawn sending Negroes to the back door could have preserved the mores as it did for the doctor—books are for

the privileged few. People hurried to assure me that really no public library was needed, since the college library at Longwood was available—of course, to readers possessing the proper credentials!

Toward the end of my stay in Farmville, I was passing the white Baptist church on Main Street one Sunday morning, and decided to walk in. Immediately following the service, the brisk, round-faced young minister, noticing a new face, walked over and held out his hand in welcome, and white-gloved ladies introduced themselves, inviting me to one of their Bible classes. There, an earnest, motherly face beamed beneath a flowered hat above the lectern in the small room, and smartly dressed young matrons made an effort to look pious while thoughts drifted to the Sunday roast in the oven.

The time of Moses was under discussion, and ladylike gasps followed the teacher's description of each pestilence heaped upon the Egyptians when Pharaoh refused to let the Israelite slaves go. "But," the flowered hat continued, "the slaves for whose freedom the Lord rose up in his wrath were not like ours—brought here from Africa—they were white."

It was happily reassuring to hear again that the curse of God lay on Ham and all his descendants, and the young matrons rushed off to their Sunday dinners, minds at ease.

As the summer came to an end, the short year of the Free Schools was over, and the teachers were woebegone as they prepared to return to their homes. They had worked harder than ever before in their lives; they accomplished much, but were not leaving with colors flying. It had been heart-breakingly impossible to make up for the years of deprivation, and the children would carry their scars as long as they lived.

Public schools, resentfully forced to open by court order, would take over in the fall. The teachers knew how meager were the resources—not only physical, but resources of the heart and mind. (The considerable funds left in the Free School treasury, the 15,000-volume library, and all technical and play equipment were turned over to the new administration.) Seared in everyone's memory would be the eager, beautiful faces of children who, for

the first time in their lives, lost the concept of color, and for whom love and trust had replaced fear. How would they fare?

Segregation would continue, as white sons and daughters returned to their private schools. Another answer came sooner than expected. The city fathers, convening in secret late one August night, hastily voted that all public-school funds held up by the courts be distributed among white parents. All night, a chain of telephone calls flew across the wires, and as the sun rose next morning, a long line of men and women stood waiting at the bank door. With typical good grace, the bank opened before its customary hour to hand out public funds to those waiting with such patient fortitude for what did not belong to them. They were the same people, for whom grace and gentility are a way of life, who sent their committees to restaurant owners asking that they double the prices for Negroes, who threatened the Negro farmer with refusal to buy his



crops should be appear at another NAACP meeting.

The distance between Farmville and Washington is shockingly short. As a friend and I drove toward the capital across gentle slopes which were already showing tawny colors of fall, we felt, clinging to us, the shreds of a decaying past. For the Negro they were still chains. But we spoke of the high school students who planned to leave that hostile atmosphere—some to go on to college, the rest vowing never to become a part of its subservient labor force. And there was a small group that wanted to stay on and fight for equal rights; we knew how tough would be their battle.

Treading Between Abysses

Stanley Hoffmann

No mind is more versatile than that of Raymond Aron, the French writer whose latest book has just been published in an excellent translation.* He has written abundantly about history and the philosophy of history, about sociology and the evolution of social thought, about economics and the development of industrial society; he has discussed political regimes and the rise and fall of ideologies, the theory of international relations and the daily practices of states. Professionally, he is both a professor at the Sorbonne and a columnist for *Le Figaro*; intellectually, he has pursued a triple career as a philosopher, a social scientist and a citizen. Although his work is far from finished, it is not too early to take stock; for there is a complex but coherent conception that commands all its parts, and behind the critical, often polemical, studies there is a passionate and breath-takingly ambitious intellectual enterprise.

Aron's work is a relentless interrogation of contemporary society in all its forms: what are its main features, how does it differ from its own past, where is it going, or rather what kind of choices are open? His sociology is essentially historical; he is not interested in the abstract system building of "grand theory" divorced from history, and since he considers concepts useful only as long as they help one understand concrete societies, he has felt little need to innovate and has freely resorted to the concepts developed by past students of history. Nor is he interested in what C. Wright Mills called "abstracted empiricism"—small-scale investigations about limited sectors of society. For Aron, spurning grand theory is nevertheless a sociologist on a grand scale, whose two fundamental concerns have been the study of industrial society in its various guises and the study of war and peace—nothing less. His debt to Thucydides, Montesquieu, de Tocqueville, and above all Max Weber, is clear. What interests him is the way in which men, in their multiple schemes of organization, have

tried to deal with a few great issues—freedom versus order, equality versus hierarchy, peace versus the loyalty to one's own community. The questions asked by traditional political philosophy are those which Aron pursues; he looks for answers, not in utopias but in the analysis of man's intentions and actions.

Indeed, all of Aron's work is a patient and insistent debunking of utopias: any sociology that smuggles answers into the way in which it poses its questions, any philosophy of history that sees patterns where there are none, ideologies which sacrifice men today to a vision of the future, or statecraft that promises more than it can deliver, all come under Aron's pitiless onslaught. The purpose of such demolition is not to clear the way for a pure and total science of society. Aron sees society as far too complex and changing to allow for any general theory valid for all times and places; he conceives of science as a quest, not a set of laws, and tries to define the different logics of behavior which operate in different sectors of reality (economics, international relations, etc....). Aron recognizes that the relations between sectors are the most difficult to account for; he states that science in human affairs cannot predict or guarantee the solution of conflicts.

The true nature of his conception emerges from those two sets of refusals. It is to social science that he turns because only the study of society tells us what cannot be done, or is likely to show us how the best intentions lead to the strangest results, or reminds us of the fact that all decisions involve costs, all courses of action entail risks, and no policy produces good effects only. Thus, for the sake of a closer approximation of the truth, the sociologist must insist on what Aron, following Weber, calls the right to disenchant reality. But social science in turn is worth pursuing only if it concerns itself with the fundamental issues of man's social life, and especially with the fundamental issues of the day. Social science is thus likely to be continually renewed by the "new look" social scientists give to the past

and the present as their concerns as citizens change.

At this point Aron, most interestingly, parts company with Weber. Weber saw a tragic break between the world of science, devoted to the pursuit of truth and marked by the rules of reason, and the world of social affairs and political decisions, marked by irreconcilable clashes of beliefs and power. The scholar's duty as a scholar was to be neutral about the latter so as to keep the former pure. Aron rejects this point of view. Not only is neutrality impossible ("fairness" is required—a very different notion) but the very thrust of scholarly work should be to bridge the gap between those two worlds. Reason pursues truth not merely for its own sake but in order to find "counsels of wisdom." Those counsels should help make the clashes of beliefs and power tolerable. The values which justify the scholar's work are universal values; it is therefore anything but contradictory for him to pursue the realization of those same values in the world of action.

To those familiar with Aron's frequent pessimistic attacks on hopeful theories about, say, the convergence of all industrial societies, or the impossibility of war in the nuclear age, it may be surprising to discover that at the heart of his enterprise there is an unquenchable Kantian faith in the possibilities of reason, and an optimistic evaluation of modern society. Aron likes to guard his readers and himself against false hopes. Economic convergence and the rationalization of life by science and technology do not mean the triumph of reason in moral and political affairs; the nuclear stalemate does not necessarily mean the advent of peace. But, finally, in all his works, we find a deliberate endorsement of the values of liberalism—moderation, the imperative of peace, the rule of law, the virtues of pluralism and discussion—and, further, the conviction that reasonable (if not purely rational) policies can be defined, as well as a demonstration of the possibilities which the modern world, thanks to science, offers for the realization of liberal values. Prosperity no longer requires conquest or exploitation; war no longer "continues" politics. Thus, whereas conflicts are here to stay, class

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war or state wars *could* be ruled out; the demise of ideology does not mean that the struggle for improving man's lot has stopped, only that this struggle can now be waged in accordance with the demands of wisdom. To be sure, man's folly may still prevail, and because of this Aron's final assessments are invariably in the form of questions. But since his own values are clear, and his prudent optimism persists, he may be termed a skeptic toward ideologies but not a moral skeptic. His eloquent criticism of French policy during the Algerian War showed how well he recognized the convergence of moral imperatives and of his-

torical trends; and the basic optimism of his outlook is reflected in the work of French social scientists whom he influenced, such as Michel Crozier's remarkable *Bureaucratic Phenomenon*, so un-Weberian in its appreciation of bureaucracy and industrialization.

Thus Aron's work is like a narrow path between abysses: for the scholar, there is the abyss of "scientism" and the abyss of nihilism, the abyss of ideology as opposed to that of pure historical relativism. Aron's warning is that the scholar cannot afford to fall into any of them. For the statesman, there is the tension between the pursuit of national ambitions and the de-

sire for peace; for the citizen, there is the conflict between national solidarity and the aspiration to values higher than the state. Aron's message is that they should not sacrifice any one of these claims so as to surrender to another—and also that out of those stresses and strains, a reconciliation and a synthesis ought to be forged. He knows how difficult it is, precisely because men's values, social systems, political rules and perspectives are different. But the difficulty is a challenge, not a counsel of despair.

Although *The Great Debate* deals only with one aspect of the present world, the reader will find all of Aron's concerns in it. It is unfortunate that it should appear here before the translation of *Peace and War Among Nations*, his greatest and most ambitious work, which presents a monumental conception of international relations far more elaborate and convincing than any of the theoretical formulations worked out on this side of the Atlantic. Aron, like Rousseau or Hobbes, sees international relations as a permanent contest between units whose form and scale change over time, but which remain different and live in a state of nature that breeds uncertainty and entails the use of force. It is not merely a competition for power, although power is an indispensable means; it is a contest over a whole gamut of ends, influenced by an equally broad range of interrelated material and social factors.

In *Peace and War Among Nations*, Aron already examined the extent to which nuclear weapons affect the traditional forms of "diplomatic-strategic behavior," and especially the use of force. His answer—comparable to that of American writers like Kissinger or Herman Kahn—was that nuclear war, although unlikely, remains possible, and that its very unlikelihood would foster a multiplication of sub-nuclear wars. The world has not broken out of the circle of violence: hence, we must keep "thinking about the unthinkable." Aron brilliantly described the paradoxes of the nuclear age—deterrence through threats which it would be senseless to carry out, stability reachable at the nuclear level, but only at the cost of increased instability at the lower levels, the superpowers' inability either to compete without regard for their common interest in survival, or to agree on a *détente* as if they were no longer adversaries—but once again he was as concerned with the opportunities as with the perils. A long, involved and fascinating study of the

My Great-Grandfather's Slaves

Deep in the back ways of my mind I see them
going in the long days
over the same fields that I have gone
long days over.

I see the sun passing and burning high
over that land from their day
until mine, their shadows
having risen and consumed them.

I see them obeying and watching
the bearded tall man whose voice
and blood are mine, whose countenance
in stone at his grave my own resembles,
whose blindness is my brand.

I see them kneel and pray to the white God
who buys their souls with Heaven.

I see them approach, quiet
in the merchandise of their flesh,
to put down their burdens
of firewood and hemp and tobacco
into the minds of my kinsmen.

I see them moving in the rooms of my history,
the day of my birth entering
the horizon emptied of their days,
their purchased lives taken back
into the dust of birthright.

I see them borne, shadow within shadow,
shroud within shroud, through all nights
from their lives to mine, long beyond
reparation or given liberty
or any straightness.

I see them go in the bonds of my blood
through all the time of their bodies.

I have seen that freedom cannot be taken
from one man and given to another,
and cannot be taken and kept.

I know that freedom can only be given,
and is the gift to the giver
from the one who receives.

I am owned by the blood of all of them
who ever were owned by my blood.
We cannot be free of each other.

Wendell Berry

ways in which "wisdom" could be pursued, and moderation in ends and means could allow the West to preserve peace without "escapism from a warlike history," marked the conclusion of *Peace and War Among Nations*. In *The Great Debate* he deals again, in more compact form, with the theoretical issues of the impact of nuclear weapons on world politics and presents the same mixture of skepticism (about stability), uncertainty (about the future of the international competition), and hope (about the avoidance of nuclear war by the two superpowers). He points out that "the crisis," i.e., a confrontation such as the Cuban affair, has become "the moment of truth" in the contest of the chief antagonists, instead of war as in the past.

Peace and War included a discussion of strategic doctrines and a plea for Atlantic solidarity. *The Great Debate's* objective was to present to a French audience the latest developments in strategic thinking, and especially the arguments that have racked the Atlantic alliance in recent years. Concerning American and Soviet doctrines, Aron, with typical irony, shows that the so-called McNamara doctrine which tries to postpone the use of nuclear weapons, so as to keep wars limited, would make more sense if it were Russia's, given Russia's inferiority in nuclear weapons and superiority in conventional forces. Similarly, the Soviet doctrine of almost inevitable escalation would make more sense if it were America's. Moreover, Aron remarks that the doctrinal asymmetry may well be responsible for the maintenance of peace—and that a reversal of doctrines may well occur in the future. As for the debate within NATO, Aron, writing for the French, stresses the basic soundness of the McNamara doctrine as well as the folly of the more extreme arguments of General Gallois on behalf of small nuclear deterrents. However, he also sympathizes with European objections to the implications of the McNamara doctrine for Europe, and does not entirely dismiss the more moderate arguments for small deterrents. Characteristically, he pleads for a reconciliation along eminently reasonable lines—lines too reasonable perhaps, given the present state of deadlock, pique and confusion. Gimmicks such as the MLF are of little use. What is at stake is, first, the strategic doctrine, which ought to be defined in common by the allies, and ought to be something like the McNamara doctrine, revised so as to satisfy legitimate European fears about its de-

terrent value. Second, the problem of fingers on the trigger ought to be solved by the coordination of the various existing deterrents, a solution which is not ideal but the only possible one at present. Moderation and compromise, not on purely pragmatic grounds, but on a basis which represents the best blend of the possible and the desirable, this is once more Aron's message.

There are minds more inventive than Aron's. Others, the hedgehogs in Sir Isaiah Berlin's metaphor, throw new theories into the world. Aron's work is that of the fox who knows so many things: his role is to probe and debate the inventions, proposals and utopias of others. Simone de Beauvoir, reminiscing about Sartre's and Aron's

friendship at the Ecole Normale, remarks that Aron always smashed Sartre's "daring syntheses" through his iron logic and "critical analyses." Thirty-five years later, Sartre tries to reinvent sociology and to save Marxism, and Aron again trains his formidable guns on Sartre. Yet the password of so eminent an anti-Marxist as Aron could be the one which Malraux, in his revolutionary days used for Marx: "more consciousness." The heroic scope of Aron's enterprise makes his work far more than an exercise in critical logic. The brilliance and depth of his analytical intelligence provide Aron's students and readers with priceless benefits: lucidity, clarity without oversimplification, and a sharper understanding of all aspects of social reality.

The New Look in War

CRISIS: The Inside Story of the Suez Conspiracy. By Terence Robertson. Atheneum Publishers. 349 pp. \$6.95.
SUEZ: The Seven Day War. By A. J. Barker. Frederick A. Praeger. 223 pp. \$5.95.

Desmond Smith

One of the marked characteristics of the age is the prevalence of what the French press call *les sales guerres*. Very few of us realize that "dirty wars" are the only kind of wars that have-not nations can afford. The touchstone to them is, in Mao Tse-tung's phrase "Man, not Weapons." Confronted with such an enemy one would think a Western nation might choose the discretionary course of turning the issue over to the United Nations. It is, however, the flaw of well-fed nations to lavish money on prodigiously expensive military equipment. Confidently, they then embark on independent actions. From time to time since World War II, Western nations have succumbed to the imperial impulse. Grandly conceived plans are prepared; optimism is expressed; everyone involved, from the editorial writer in the know to the man in the seat of power, is full of stern belief that truth and justice will triumph at last, as it always does in better fairy tales. And yet everything seems to go wrong; with alarming suddenness the "police action" turns into a protracted struggle; and a mood of doubt and despair seizes the nation. When in the fullness of time, the hot chestnut

Desmond Smith is a regular contributor to The Economist (London).

reaches the UN, the press is flooded with letters. Readers want to know why the UN is interfering in a wholly private affair.

It is always fascinating to see how the general public continues to be so credulous of the public words of statesmen. If enlightenment is needed I attribute this remarkable credulity to two chief factors. In the first place, the collapse of confidence in empire as a mission, the extraordinary success of "neutralism" within the Afro-Asian bloc, and the triumph of communism in merging guerrilla warfare with a doctrine of ideological revolution, have made us lose all sense of reality in foreign affairs. Sen. J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, now wants this country to spend less time on foreign affairs and more time on domestic problems. When a man who has given the best part of a thoughtful life to these matters speaks like that, is it surprising that the public is more than content to leave the "mess" to its chief of state?

The second factor is popular knowledge. The age in which we live is so overflowing with commentators, experts, authorities, leading authorities, PR men and communicators, that the mere hint of a crisis sends them all bag and baggage to report the facts. If a tunnel is planned under the Berlin wall there is almost sure to be a negotiation of the film rights before the "dig" commences; to show the bloody war in Vietnam as it really is, the USIA hired a Hollywood crew to stage the war as it really isn't. It is

more realistic, we are subsequently told. Reporting nowadays seems to consist chiefly of assembling the emotional, dramatic or moral aspects of the immediate situation, while suppressing the practical consequences.

Given this macabre state of affairs, we turn with gratitude to our appointed leaders. In time the crisis passes; Quemoy, Lebanon, Yemen, Borneo or Suez are forgotten; another fresh absurdity is at hand for the President or Prime Minister to handle. Meanwhile, the popular-knowledge industry has moved on. What lessons we might have learned from the previous crisis are ignored. Yesterday's news, we are told, does not sell newspapers.

In *Crisis: The Inside Story of the Suez Conspiracy*, Terence Robertson, a Canadian journalist, has written what is, in effect, an extended obituary of the disastrous Suez affair. He has meticulously sifted the already formidable collection of diaries, records and documents. He has interviewed the chief French, Israeli and Canadian statesmen. Robert Murphy, former Under Secretary of State, provides the American point of view. Notably absent in this account, however, are the views of the British policy makers. Political fate subsequently removed most of them from the public scene. He thus brings not only sound scholarship but also the first-hand experiences of most of the leading characters to bear on this bizarre episode. Mr. Robertson takes the details of the fighting for granted—and an interested reader will find these fully dealt with in Col. A. J. Barker's crisply written *Suez: The Seven Day War*. Compelling narrative and private interviews alternate.

What began as a well-planned secret conspiracy between Israel-France on the one hand, France-Great Britain on the other, soon turned into an old-fashioned colonial war when the partners quarreled. What looked like a simple police action turned into a diplomatic nightmare when the United States dissociated itself from the action taken by its allies. For a few weeks the vain and decrepit British Prime Minister, Anthony Eden, managed to galvanize the apathetic British public—not, to be sure, by telling them the truth, but rather by dragging up the spirit of Munich. "All my life I have been a man of peace," he told the nation in a broadcast, "[but] I believe with all my heart and my head that this is a time for action effective and swift." There was to be no victory

for Eden. His utter ineptitude, coupled with the criminal recklessness of the attack, brought the Suez crisis before the United Nations. Thus ended an adventure that had never been anything more than an illusion. The really sad thing is that few questioned the motives. All three parties to the aggression had a sound case against Nasser's militant trouble making. It was their methods which condemned them before world opinion. In the end it was the United Nations that finally doused the Middle East conflagration. Canada's Lester Pearson, in a series of brilliant diplomatic maneuvers, managed to organize the world's first "peace-keeping" force. It was this international force that picked up where the Anglo-French *paras* left off.

Mr. Robertson is especially good at evoking the behind-the-scenes atmosphere at the UN. It must be remembered that smack in the middle of the Suez escapade, the Hungarian rebellion began. Thus ensued one of the most ludicrous episodes of the post-war period. There were mornings when Henry Cabot Lodge and Sobolev were voting on the same side, condemning the Suez aggressors; there were afternoons when Henry Cabot Lodge—an eye on the morning papers

—was screaming "cynicism" and "bloodshed" at his erstwhile Soviet colleague. Mr. Pearson, however, was down the road.

38th floor. Hamlet-like, characteristically Hamlet-like, was bawling to Pearson that "It won't work . . . people will say what's the use of the United Nations . . . all our diplomats can do is condemn each other." Pearson doggedly pressed on.

In the waning days of October, 1956, there was no doubt that the UN was the center of the world's attention. TV and newspaper people swarmed like frantic bees around the delegates. Under the circumstances, no one was terribly surprised when that arch publicity hound, Krishna Menon, stormed on the scene. Between television appearances (where he was careful to avoid any discussion of Hungary) he rallied the Afro-Asian bloc for a resolution condemning the British-French aggressors. Elsewhere in the UN, the American moves were no longer in the hands of Mr. Lodge. From Washington had come the Savior of the West. John Foster Dulles was in an almighty temper. And he lost no time letting it be known that Ike was in an even snottier mood. The United States was on the eve of a

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national election and the President intended to keep his reputation as a "man of peace." Dulles had a solution in his brief case. It was typically long winded, wrapped in those ponderous Wall Street phrases that he relished so much. Finally a weary UN settled for Pearson's international police force. The seven-day war was over.

For me, however, the fascination of Mr. Robertson's book lay in the character of the chief principals. One of the troubles of living in the electronic age is that it brings out the ham in people. These men were no exception. They fretted inordinately over their public image; little, it appears, about the points of political principle. The narcissist in the White

House was no exception. His immense preoccupation all through 1956 was, at all costs, to avoid involvement with the wicked world. His ghost writers already had him tintyped as the "President of Peace." When news of the first bombing reached the White House, the infuriated Eisenhower roared: "Bombs, by God. What does Anthony think he's doing? Why is he doing this to me?" Unfortunately no one was around to get the reaction of the dead and maimed Egyptians.

Mr. Robertson has written a little classic in *Crisis*. "Dirty wars" continue to spread like measles all over the globe. Now will someone give us *Crisis: The Inside Story of the Vietnam Conspiracy*?

Old Wars and the New Peace

A *STUDY OF WAR*. By Quincy Wright. Abridged by Louise Leonard Wright. University of Chicago Press. 451 pp. \$7.50.

Martin Peretz

Everything about *A Study of War*, first published in 1942, suggested that it would prove to be a seminal work of the greatest importance. A generation of scholars could have found there sufficient original insights, provocative questions, tentative researches to occupy them for many years—and more fruitfully than the run of activities which lay claim to the time and thought of men and women who "do" international politics. But the misfortune that befell Quincy Wright's very distinguished effort was that it appeared at a juncture in history when its relevance was so direct and disturbing that it diverted from the business at hand. We were in the midst of a war which, quite simply, had to be won. Peace itself never even dawned, as on the morrow of victory another war, more disastrous and more total, if that misnomer be allowed, loomed threateningly on the horizon where it has been ever since.

Thus, twenty-two years after the original edition of the *Study*, the analytic literature on war—the literature, by extension, on the dynamics of peace—is sparse indeed. True, we do have the rich and continued contributions of Raymond Aron toward the understanding of war (though his ex-

pansive and at the same time synoptic *Paix et Guerre entre les nations* is yet to be translated into English). And at least at my own university where Stanley Hoffmann has pioneered a breath-takingly cross-disciplinary course on war, the phenomenon is being considered in its more basic aspects and not merely as a matter of strategic interest, past and contingent. For the most part, however, particularly in the new research centers associated with many of our institutions of higher learning, the clerics concern themselves with either tactics or megadeath calculus. The present publication, a one-volume abridgment by Professor Wright's wife of the larger initial issue is, then, a welcome and necessary reminder that the task of comprehending war in order that we may pursue peace is still entirely before us.

The obvious deficiency of this edition is that the academic apparatus, with its sources, discursive footnotes and appendices, has been eliminated. In the process the book has lost much of its value as an indispensable reference work. There is the alternative of reading the slightly updated version with ready recourse to the complete book, also recently reissued, and in the circumstances that is to be recommended. As an essay, this unfortunately does read like altogether unconfirmed dicta. In the process of decreasing the size of the book and accounting for new developments, the edition has in fact emphasized the one underlying weakness of Wright's approach. As conscious as he is, for ex-

ample, of psychological, economic and sociological factors in the causes and nature of war, he still comes to the subject almost as if it were only a legal category. No doubt everyone must choose his perspective on mortality, and Wright's happens to be a political one; it may be, however, as he seems to concede in his discussion of education for peace, that the uniquely political expressions of the problems of war and its control are at once most apparent and also most superficial.

Wright's book is in fact animated by an internal tension between the author's tendencies as a political scientist and his quite acute consciousness of the fact that the study of war, "polemology" as one writer has called the enterprise, requires an approach respecting no traditional intellectual boundaries. Wright should not be faulted even in a work of this type for slighting one window on his problem in favor of others. Probably the plaint reflects little more than the biases of the complainant. Nevertheless, especially as we are dealing with the latest edition, the extensive researches and speculations of the post-Freudians or socio-psychological analysts, Erik Erikson and Harry Stack Sullivan, as well as the increased credibility of the irrational as a cause of war, seem to have been ignored by Wright in his preoccupation with describing the details of mechanisms for peace keeping. Similarly, consideration of the very disparate work of the naturalist Konrad Lorenz, and the anthropologists whose discoveries Robert Ardrey has illuminated, would have rendered the book more complete and more complex.

No one could write an omniscient book on this subject, and it is difficult to conceive that such is what the author attempted. But despite what his own mind must have told him is most central, he has assiduously tried to present the whole spectrum of attitudes to war, even where retrospectively these may have seemed to be little else but symptoms of an age or prototypical myths. This constitutes no mean intellectual accomplishment; such catholicity is not to be confused with the absence of a distinctive position. And Wright does, against the fashions of ideology, still offer up the possibility, among others, that men may seek war or cold war for profit. The notion may not be as archaic as we are sometimes wont to think.

A Study of War is a project written in the spirit of the Enlightenment,

though it abjures oversimplification. Aware of the eclipse of reason, yet unwilling to embrace glorious mysticisms of despair, Wright still believes that man may become free of the worst scourge of the race's past only through self-knowledge. This is purposive scholarship in a normative moral framework. But history is on the author's side: the facile certainties of those pessimists beyond good and evil who advertised that war was inevitable now too fall into disrepute; and at first out of desperation and then from a grasp of how unrelated modern and atomic warfare may be to psychological drives of aggression, to the logic of an advanced industrial society, or to the cohesion of a mass community, we begin to think again, more subtly

and cautiously than we had ever done, of the organization of the peace.

One cannot possibly do justice to this very considerable achievement with a catalogue of omissions or of alternate emphases. This book is a work of great learning, impelled by the noble passion that has so long characterized Professor Wright's labors. Those who work the same academic vineyard he has generously fertilized are Quincy Wright's epigoni—or should try to be. One of the lessons he might teach is that the old saying "*Si vis pacem, para bellum*" is bankrupt and too fraught with danger to have meaning for modern man. We might well pick up where his book leaves off and say to the future: "If you wish peace, understand war."

The Church and the Couch

CROSS CURRENTS OF PSYCHIATRY AND CATHOLIC MORALITY. Edited by William Birmingham and Joseph E. Cunneen. Pantheon Books. 396 pp. \$6.95.

THE MODES AND MORALS OF PSYCHOTHERAPY. By Perry London. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 278 pp. \$5.50.

Peter Rowley

That Catholicism has come to appreciate psychoanalysis, and that psychiatrists have greatly reduced their attacks on this religion, are illustrated by this collection of essays originally published in *Cross Currents*. This periodical is a little-known, intellectual U.S. Catholic quarterly but the contributors, with the exception of one Englishman, an Austrian, three Belgians and one American, all are French, usually priests or psychologists. French Catholics have long been and still are *avant-garde* compared to their fellow Catholics in other countries, and, as many of these essays were first written in the fifties or earlier, their publication in the United States now can be taken as indicative of the current *rapprochement* between American priests and psychiatrists. If you want to find out what Cardinal Spellman—or his successor—will be doing twenty years from now a likely guide would be the actions of a French cardinal today.

Though the essays cover a wide range of subjects—from a psychological analysis of a Graham Greene hero

to a comparison of a Christian sacrament with anthropological myths—the question of the relationship between psychology and confession, and the problem of the overscrupulous penitent—I almost wrote "patient"—seem to be two dominant themes.

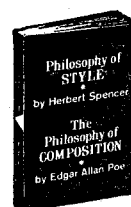
There seems to be an almost over-anxious effort to show that confession is different from psychoanalysis; one might suggest a subconscious fear on the part of some essayists that the one might usurp the other, depriving the priests of some of their work and increasing the practice of the psychiatrists. One wonders how much feuding between the two professions has had this as its foundation.

Though conceding some similarities, several of the *Cross Currents* writers attempt to define psychoanalysis as dealing with "the sub-rational and the sub-human," and to place confession "on the plane of the supra-rational and of the supernatural." I think this is too glib. Both methods involve one person, i.e., the patient or the penitent, disclosing his fears and sins (assuming that sin exists) to another. Each method seems to have the same therapeutic effect of relieving the patient-penitent. Even the psychological process of "transference" has some similarities to the Catholic advice to lay "on Christ the burden of guilt."

Where the two "therapies" part company concerns the role of "Divine Grace," with Catholics maintaining that confession results in an infusion of "Grace," a statement that most psychologists would regard as superstition. There are other obvious differ-

ences—confession is usually short, lasting five or ten minutes, psychoanalytic sessions an hour or so. The most important distinction, of course, is that psychoanalysis, psychiatry and counseling treat in depth serious psychic disorders which confession is not equipped to do.

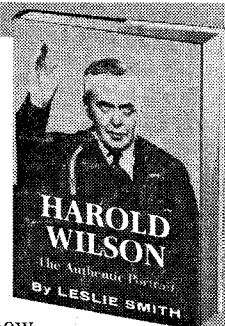
The close affinity between analysis and confession is perhaps unwittingly admitted by one contributor who writes: "The confessor must enlighten the penitent as to the real nature of his culpability, and show him how to distinguish this from false guilt feelings arising out of the unconscious. . . . Excellent psychoanalysts who are unbelievers commend our theologians for teaching original sin and the redemption, thereby laying on Adam and on Christ the burden of guilt which weighs so heavily on man. And so it remains for us to unburden ourselves—the theologian says in order to ab-



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Peter Rowley, himself a Catholic, is a free-lance writer.

February 22, 1965

solve us—by the practice of confession. . . .”

Several of the essayists seem to suggest that priests should become a kind of psychological “counselor” in dealing with scruple-ridden penitents who remorselessly describe “sins” which good sense simply cannot credit as being real trespasses. This peculiarly Roman Catholic affliction is unintentionally pointed up in this collection by the juxtaposition of an essay titled “The Psychotherapeutic Treatment of Scrupulous Patients” followed by an “Examination of Conscience for Adults” listing 173 (I counted them) possible sins! The scruple-ridden patient who abuses the confessional for private psychological strategies is, of course, committing a further sin, thus bringing the total to 174.

There are some serious flaws in the *Cross Currents* book. Many of the essays are incompetently written, verbose, with a dreary sameness to the translations, and the editors’ introduction and commentaries are so vapid and platitudinous as to be almost worthless.

While Catholicism seems to be adopting much of psychiatry, the psychologists seem to be searching for a moral code. After Freud, where do you go? What does life mean? The *Modes and Morals* book is a provocative, fascinating survey of the field, outlining with lucidity the theories of Freud, Adler, Jung, Sullivan, Rogers, Salter, Wolpe, Stampfl, B. F. Skinner and O. H. Mowrer. The last third of the book contains a commentary of interest to professionals in this field.

Dr. London, director of the Psychological Service Center at the University of Southern California, argues very persuasively that the psychoanalysts, and in particular the Freudians, must have some ethical or moral answer to their patients’ problems. He argues that even the most neutral analyst—in the process of aiding the neurotic to bring to light his unconscious motives—has to take some sort of ethical position.

With perhaps some bias in their favor he suggests the “Action” therapists have better—statistically proven—results than the “Insight” therapists. The “Action” therapists in a sense interfere or actively influence the patients. But the difference between them and the “Insight” Freudians, and I am not sure London sees this, seems to me more apparent than factual. For a cure to be effective even with the “Actionists” the patient must act eventually of his volition, and in the

process he undoubtedly learns much of the underlying cause. The “Insight” therapist brings him to the point of understanding his motives, and then presumably leaves him there, but the patient has to *act himself*. So that in either case whether the psychiatrist tells him to work out his neurosis in a certain way or whether the analyst leads him to see the causes of the neurosis, it is still up to the patient to do something about it.

London predicts:

... The Action therapists describe and evaluate themselves in the language of greatest modern currency, that of “hardheaded” experimental science, and to the extent that they are able to defend themselves in these terms, and Insight therapies are not, it is probable that the relative status and popularity of the two systems eventually will be reversed among practitioners and the public alike.

Possibly, though my own sympathies tend toward the traditional psychoan-

alysts, who show considerably more respect for the individual’s freedom.

London’s answer to the modern world is that, as religion has failed, psychology must develop instead a moral code by scientific research. Very nice, but who is to say which scientists to believe and which not? Is Professor London’s utopia where all scientists agree on a common morality likely to take place? He writes, “Psychotherapists have, I believe, two distinctive functions, a *scientific* and a *moralistic* one. Their scientific function is explicit, their moralistic one often only implicit. The latter is, moreover, often corollary to the former rather than independent of it.

1. The scientific function of psychotherapists is that of *manipulators of behavior*.

2. Their moralistic function is that of a *secular priesthood*.”

London’s book is a valuable survey of analysis, psychiatry and psychology; his conclusions merit some debate.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

LINCOLN CENTER

I went up to Lincoln Center not long ago to stand for a few minutes in the great dark primitive spaces being civilized into the enclosures of the opera house and repertory theatre there. Both are roofed over and walled in, but are still owned by crews of workmen. Both were cavernously impressive. The bigger room is truly operatic in scale, filled inside at present with a huge thicket of spindly scaffolding. The smaller repertory is close to being finished—a deep space of interesting proportions. It may well be that architecture is finally on the upturn at Lincoln Center.

Up to now, I’ve deliberately dodged writing about this project; its design to date has been too disappointing. In a desk drawer I recently came across an old Philharmonic program with furious notes scrawled all through its margins, some of them angry enough to be indecipherable, others perhaps actionable. But that morning, as I stood amid the construction in the opera and repertory houses, I felt the force of the impulses of the mighty patrons who are bringing Lincoln Center into being. I suppose it is the pretentiousness of the architecture applied over the impulses that has been so exasperating.

How bad is it? The Philharmonic

could not find anything to be but a fake Greek temple: a large room, the wall itself, sitting on a platform with porches and columns all around. The temple quickly becomes dishonest because the porch goes around only three sides of the big room on the level used between acts. Trying to turn the final corner, one walks into a gigantic mirror, the interior decorator’s tricky tonic for starved spaces. Nor, despite its many layers and stairways, does the building present a really compelling sequence of spaces as you advance up on the lap of the escalators. The design is unsure; the bigger the parts get, the less good they are. For example, those strange columns that hold up the roof; repellent industrial designs, squiggles covered with travertine, they might have come off a Bel Geddes drawing board in the 1930s.

Lippold’s sculpture isn’t prospering in these surroundings. The art has been undercut, the architect apparently going to some trouble to make the metal of the escalators match the gold metal of the Lippold. Inside the great hall itself the acoustics have been corrected at last, and I believe that in the process the stage wall behind the orchestra has been made to look less trivial. But there is still that ceiling—it isn’t trivial

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enough. It reminds me of a great field of Hollywood extras dressed as Zambesi natives with six-sided shields—but with coal-miners' lamps sunk into the middle of the shields, perhaps for night fighting.

There is little fineness to the Philharmonic design, just bigness and gold-and-blue stridency, sock without joy. It is a very unpleasant room, and by contrast Radio City Music Hall is quite compassionate. But the Philharmonic is, let's trust, Lincoln Center's nadir.

Across the Lincoln Center plaza, architect Philip Johnson did better with the New York State Theatre, although it is not his peak performance. The approach rooms don't feel quite right to me. The auditorium is florid, but quite unimaginative in architectural finish; in contrast, the between-acts room is genuinely gay when filled with people; the pumped-up Nadelman sculptures are witty. Perhaps the exterior of the theatre had to follow the lead of the Philharmonic, and that's what went wrong with it. It is anyhow a staid version.

Lincoln Center thus far has hit genuine design vigor, so far as I can see, only in the temporary repertory theatre built on a New York University site on West 4th Street near Washington Square. The exterior of this theatre is nothing more than a prefab Butler building—tinted gold for glory—but under its corrugated shell the space is something new to New York. The stage projects out to be embraced by the seating; the seating itself steps up very steeply, so that each member of the

audience has good sight lines. One can see not only the heads of the actors but all the body english they bring to their roles. In effect, this is a theatre full of front-row mezzanine seats. It was designed in collaboration by the late Eero Saarinen and Jo Mielziner, and it is already apparent that the same seating strategy is to be used in the repertory theatre uptown. The building which houses it will also house a library and museum, and its architectural credits are complicated, being shared by the Saarinen office (the surviving partners are Joseph Lacy, John Kinkeloo and Kevin Roche) and Skidmore Owings & Merrill. Fortunately, the façades appear to be anything but complicated; they have a good deal of plain force.

Is it possible to say what has been wrong so far architecturally with the virtuous effort to construct this great Performing Arts Center to draw an early lesson from Lincoln Center? Possibly the trouble has been timidity. Frank Lloyd Wright used to say that there is nothing as frightened as a million dollars, and Lincoln Center is sixty million dollars. Despite the massive wealth, force and fame of the people on its top committees, they seem to have turned pale at the notion of finding a great architect and asking him for a great set of buildings. Instead, they brought together a committee of architects—and the frightened quality has come blustering through in the buildings. Imagine the craven thunder that would emerge from the orchestra, if a committee were appointed to conduct the Philharmonic.

plainest images possible in the plainest manner possible . . . almost obsessively, man's daily activities . . . takes cinema back to its origins, to the days of Lumière, for a rejuvenation and a cleansing.")

After mentioning that Andy loves movies, John suggested that Andy likes to make them because they're easy. For example, Andy never moves the camera because that's hard to do. Andy's main idea in filming what he does, the way he does, says John, is that the idea doesn't matter. Everything is the same. Who or how doesn't matter.

At this point John and Gerry compiled a Warhol filmography for me:

Sleep, Andy's first film, was shot in midsummer, 1963, and runs eight hours. It shows a man's abdomen, face, backside, etc., while the man is sleeping.

Eat shows Bob Indiana eating two mushrooms for two hours.

Kiss shows numbers of kissers. Each couple kisses for three minutes, which may be a world screen record.

Empire watched the Empire State Building from a top floor of the Time & Life Building from 7:30 P.M. to 3:00 A.M. It will premiere soon at a Film Makers' Cinematheque showing at the City Hall Cinema.

Also: *The Rose without Thorns* (*Dracula*), *Tarzan and Jane Regained*—Sort of, *Henry Geldzahler*, *Thirteen Most Beautiful Girls*, *Thirteen Most Beautiful Boys*, *Personalities*, *Roller Skate*, *Soap Opera*, *Taylor Mead's Ass*, *Harlot* (award, Los Angeles Film Festival), *B.J.*, *Dinner at Daley's*, *The End of Dawn*, *Salome and Delilah*, *Haircut*, *Dance Movie* and *Newsreels*.

Considering this body of work, John stated that Andy would be just as happy if 2,000 other guys were to think up, make, sell and distribute Andy Warhol movies. "As long as they were in his idiom," said John, "I'd say he'd like that more."

John cautioned me on two counts: 1. "Andy doesn't come on with much verbal magic; therefore, no one has the right to expect editorial conceptions in his movies. Andy achieves what he is; his theories constitute his product . . . they're all beautiful." 2. "Andy says a lot of things to enflame people. He's very ironic."

In addition to not moving the camera, Andy shows what he shoots. That is, although to beef up *Sleep* to its full eight hours, Warhol had some shots repeated several times in the printing,

FILMS

Howard Junker

ANDY WARHOL, MOVIE MAKER

Until now, Andy Warhol, high priest and elf of Pop Art and ascendant spirit of the Underground Cinema, has usually made his movies in his loft, which is sometimes referred to as his factory, and in which there are cases of Andy Warhol silvered Coke bottles, Andy Warhol Brillo boxes, Andy Warhol corn-flakes cartons, and multi-image, silk-screen canvases of Liz, Jackie and flowers. All this, along with a couple of desks, clutters around a cutting table, the silvered lower half of a manikin, a hi-fi (for Pop music),

a yellow (detached) toilet, and a curving, red divan, from which I was greeted by Warhol's assistant, Gerry Malanga, and by John Palmer and his wife, the international model, Ivy Nicholson.

An underground film maker in his own right, John was working with Andy because "Andy is the only, because a step back to the beginning of movies is the only possible kind of step forward." In brief, summed John, "Andy's a genius, therefore he makes genius movies."

(*Film Culture* gave Warhol its Sixth Independent Film Award, explaining that Warhol, by recording "in the

Howard Junker is a documentary film maker who frequently contributes to film magazines.

The NATION

he doesn't edit. He doesn't even cut away the leader at either end of a camera roll; he merely splices the film as it comes from the lab. Andy said later that seeing the leader run by in the midst of such boring other material was in itself quite a dramatic event.

About the time I was asking how Andy began making movies, Warhol himself came in. He wore a black Wagner College sweat shirt with a seahawk on the front, paint-flecked black chinos, and black shoes and socks. Plus mild green sunglasses.

Andy listened for a moment to the story of his film debut, then went to the telephone. When he came back John handed him a Quaker Oats magazine ad which showed the man exclaiming, in a balloon, "Oh Mama, what are you doing to your kids?" Andy said he had already seen it. John said advertisers were finally learning from Pop artists.

While Andy returned to the phone, John and Gerry filled me in on Andy's possible films-in-progress:

Couch will examine anyone who sits or does anything on the curving, red divan. A climax, perhaps sexual, is expected in this film.

Trim will be a short version of *Haircut*.

Strip Poker, with eight or ten people, will also show post-game play.

Building will be a "major, major work" and it is hoped the longest film ever made. It will watch the destruction of an old building, the erection of a new. Anticipated running time: six months.

An Open Letter to Barbara Rose will show gossip John Bernard Meyers (Tibor de Nagy Gallery) gossiping for an hour and a half, by implication, to gossip art critic Barbara Rose. (This would have to be a sound film.)

Messy Lives—Joey Le Sueur, who came in about this time, is making plans with Andy for a real feature. Joey loves plot and feels there's not enough in most movies. Therefore he's lined up a dozen script writers who will use roughly the same set of characters, each writer setting up a different story. A score or more well-known poets have been approached to write dialogue.

Living Portrait Boxes, which might sell for \$1,000 or \$1,500 each, would be 8 mm. loops of the sort that showed four Warhol films at the New York Film Festival. The LPB's would be just like photographic portraits except that they would move a little. Someone sug-

gested that a sound track could be added: "I love you, give me a hug." Andy agreed.

Now arrived a Belgian television crew, eager to finish up their film on the School of New York, into which they had enrolled most of the other top Pop artists. For their benefit and for mine, Andy went through all the motions of shooting typical Andy Warhol movies.

Gerry was sent out for a dozen bananas. The Bolex was set up before the curving, red divan. John asked if Ivy could eat an apple in the *Banana* sequence.

"Yeah, do we have an apple?"

At this point I overheard a visiting dignitary from a provincial museum, who had dropped by, explain to a youthful colleague something about a "full range from white to black."

Joey Le Sueur mentioned that he had to be at a cocktail party in half an hour, but Andy assured him it would only take three minutes to do a roll of *Banana*. Therefore Joey, John and Ivy, and Gerry arranged themselves on the divan, were rearranged by Andy, and urged not to unpeel their bananas before the start.

Andy turned the camera on, telling his cast, "You're on."

Nuns at the Dali Exhibit 'Art in Jewels'

Aquariums of light jewel the room;
we group like moths, in chiaroscuro.
Our whispers crash, a surf, against the glass
where diamonds, rubies, emeralds swim,
unbelievable as sea-freaks, depth-bound,
yet more real.

Five nuns, their coifs black coins, Byzantine, pause
silent before Tristan and Isolde:
smooth heads, sensuous as gold, are parted
only by a diamond goblet, whose
shape, garnet-filled, outlines their lips. The nuns
turn toward

The Madonna of the Aquamarine,
where, if you shift your gaze, Her head becomes
His. Beyond the grotesque elephant on
spider-legs, with seamed, voluted ears, keen
diamond eyes, a crystal tower sunk
in his back,

inside of which a muezzin prays (Dali says,
"Technological ascendancy and
celestial weightlessness") the nuns flow,
take in Ruby Lips, Tree of Life necklace,
Telephone earrings, Pomegranate Heart,
artifice

to direct a glance at ear, neck or breast.
They pass mad Ophelia, in topaz.
Habits straight, rigid as sculpture, severe
heads pure décor, they come full stop at last.
Illumination from the box floods Giot-
to faces,

neither young nor old, but flesh-colored, slight-
ly moist. Blue, grey, brown eyes watch in wonder
as The Living Flower — anemone,
lily? — diamond, Congo malachite,
gold, draws back its pronged, long-fingered calyx
from the bud,

reveals the gem-encrusted corolla.
Every four minutes the gold prongs lift,
"Petals shaped like hands move upward toward
the Light," then, with gradual shudders, a
jerk, snap shut. The youngest of the five, de-
lighted, laughs.

Beth Bentley

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For a while he looked into the view finder. Joey, John and Ivy and Gerry ate bananas. Andy watched. They continued. Andy walked away from the camera. He encouraged what they were doing.

"That's really beautiful," he would say. After two and a half minutes he looked at the footage counter and announced, "It's almost over."

A little later, Andy decided the film had run out. The participants, except for the Belgian TV crew, stopped. Someone complained that the hi-fi had been turned too low. "Music is half of it," admitted Gerry, who looks like Ringo when he frugs.

After another roll of *Banana*, John and Ivy began to rehearse for *Kiss*. Joey said he wanted to go. Andy told him to wait. The Belgians enjoyed *Kiss*. So did John and Ivy.

After a "take-five," Joey was persuaded to sit down on the small stool in the corner portrait gallery to pose for a stillie. He was filmed looking glum and pucky. John was filmed looking like Belmondo. Ivy sat down. She preened; the assistants nibbled on fish and chips.

Andy looked through the view finder. Ivy looked very good. Andy said she was glorious. He said she was fantastic. An assistant took a look and suggested a two-hour film of Ivy looking the way she was. It was a beautiful look. Ivy sat motionless while the camera ground through 100 feet.

Now the Belgians were shown a reel of *Dracula*, with Jack Smith resting his head on the shoulder of Beverly Grant while she eats a banana and he eats a Hershey bar. The Belgians watched politely.

I joined Andy at the loft's far end, by the telephone. Andy said it was all right to be doing something else during a projection of one of his movies. (He once told critic Andrew Sarris that "I make movies to read by, to eat by, to sleep by. . . ." I think Andy was being ironic.)

Dracula ran out. The Belgians prepared to leave. Gerry, John and Ivy began to frug on the curving, red divan. And Ivy said, "We've just invented chair dancing."

Some weeks later I saw Andy shoot his first sound film, a remake of award-winning *Harlot* with superstar Mario Montez in the title role. In attendance were a New York producer, the owner of a London gallery, an ex-C.B.S. sound man, and a Magnum photographer, as well as Gerry, technical consultant Philip, and a trio of

Tangere

And if

you reach
over

to touch
whatever it is

you want to touch
if

ever

you get to the place
where you think you're
going (headed
in the right direction)
or

if you
stand right here
reaching over the hip
bone of the little hill
a breeze slight breeze
being all that you want
to touch really
it will make no difference
so long

as the blaze of in-
tention

holds up
the fires lit red

on the smooth wet bark
of pine trees in the afternoon
when the clouds have broken
and the last rays of the sun
are touching
them.

Theodore Enslin

Tangiers-type poets who huddled out of camera range, preparing to speak the sound track.

As soon as Mario had finished dressing, and Philip had figured out how to thread Andy's new Auricon sound-on-film camera, and as soon as Andy had learned how to turn it on, production went smoothly.

Andy had arranged Gerry and Philip leaning over the back of a straight, green divan, on which lounged Mario and superstarlet Carol, playing Harlot's friend.

Andy again used permissive enthusiasm as his major directorial device. Gerry smoked. Philip looked toughly at the camera. Mario ate bananas and fluttered her eyes. Carol restrained a white pussy.

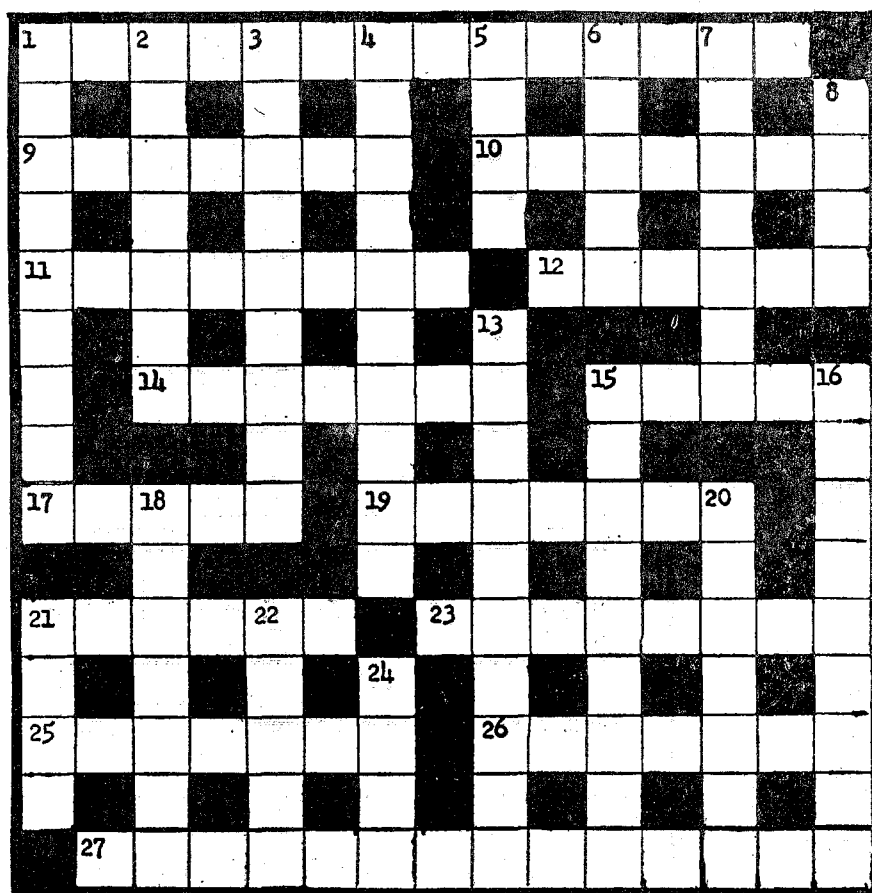
Andy remained close to the camera throughout and frequently watched through the view finder, though, of course, he didn't touch the camera itself.

Andy wanted to keep his actors in position while the magazine was changed, but they rebelled and complained about having to work under professional conditions.

The NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 1094

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Might $\frac{3}{4}$ be the correct portion? (6, 8)
- 10 They might be called out periodically for drill and exercise. (7)
- 11 Turn the soil, then look for one on the farm, perhaps. (8)
- 12 Man is a little one, though a thing no man was said to be. (6)
- 14 Is one more easy to dupe than a landlubber? (3, 4)
- 15 Trays made from one of wood in imaginative style. (5)
- 17 Use her nickname, if you get it right! (5)
- 19 and 21 What hobbyists might do with kits and working girls, pretty often. (7, 6)
- 23 Hook-like? Certainly not without the H! (8)
- 25 Not initially dedicated to the quick on tippy-toes, with a sharp return.
- 26 What kids might say when surrounded by a lather of soap? No wonder they're far out! (7)
- 27 Reports! Reports! That's all a staff member makes! (6, 8)

DOWN:

- 1 Help stamp papers with propaganda, sometimes? (9)
- 2 Crude oil found in minerals? It's for the birds! (7)
- 3 Carefully looks over the attendants for something one might get by looking too closely. (9)
- 4 If it's badly made on turned-up

- 5 folds, a fight might be implied.
- 5 Points with more than one purpose? (4)
- 6 Goes in the list as tips? (5)
- 7 The final batter is usually made to stick longer than the rest. (7)
- 8 and 9 across What might be in demand has attendants, perhaps. (11)
- 13 Is a narrow escape not so likely with the "cuckoo" type? (5, 5)
- 15 Its poor is still lively when it comes to music. (9)
- 16 Is one not suited for the first time to be one who makes wrong right?
- 18 An old-fashioned word for drink isn't necessarily the caustic type when applied to some modern art. (4, 3)
- 20 In retreat, a listener is most 13 down at first. (7)
- 21 Classical sea horse? (4)
- 22 Probably not a success in different roles, however. (5)
- 24 More than one 14 sounds like one of nine. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1093

ACROSS: 1 Smart; 4 Flocks; 12 Meander; 13 Chaparral; 14 and 11 Sweet alyssum; 15 Tropical plant; 17 Running to seed; 22 Erupt; 24 Abnegated; 25 Diurnal; 26 Niebuhr; 27 and 28 Roller skate. DOWN: 2 Mayfair; 3 Resharpen; 5 Leads; 6 Cadmean; 7 Struts; 8 Fancy; 9 American eagle; 10 and 16 Small Latin and less Greek; 18 Unusual; 19 Entrust; 20 Tender; 21 Adore; 23 Tense.

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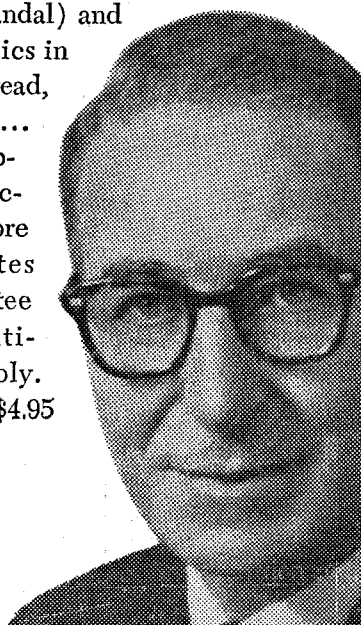
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